THE EXAMINER.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

An Independent Weekly Review of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 3,640.] *Registered at the General Post Office.*] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1877. { PRICE . . . . 6*d.* BY POST . . . 6½*d.*

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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

During the week the daily papers have been filled with rumours of what is likely to happen next in Paris. Upon one point the rumours are agreed, that it is settled that the Ministry will resign. They will hold office till the Departmental elections are held to-morrow, and then they will give up their portfolios. This might be an impression intentionally produced to put the Republicans off their guard, preparatory to a *coup d'état*. Even the resignation of the Duc Decazes, already an accomplished fact, might be interpreted as meaning that he declined to be a party to the violence meditated by his colleagues. But other signs are less ambiguous. The rewards which the Ministers are busily distributing among their friends look like the acts of a Government *in articulo mortis*. Then, most significant fact of all, the Orleanists have "ratted." That may almost be accepted as proof positive. In what manner and to what extent the Marshal's friends will retire from power, whether he will retire himself, whether he will agree to remain and take Republicans into the new Ministry, or whether he will attempt to carry on the Government with the help of the Senate, bribing back the cooperation of the Orleanists, in defiance of the Chamber of Deputies, can only be matter of conjecture.

Thursday was the *Jour des Morts* in France, a sacred holiday, on which families visit the graves of their relatives and friends with floral offerings of respect and affection. The grave of M. Thiers at the cemetery of Père La Chaise had many visitors. The Government made a show of anticipating a disturbance. The crowd was marshalled into a *queue* by the *sergents de ville*, supported by the soldiers of the Municipal Guard, with their muskets and their cloaks rolled up on their shoulders ready for action. A brigade of cavalry was stationed at the entrance. Evidently the Ministers mean to make their authority as disagreeable as possible while it lasts.

In the month of November several considerable attempts are to be made in the way of local political organisation. A new Conservative Union is to be inaugurated at Bradford and another at Wolverhampton. Next week the first general meeting of the Liberal Associations of Scotland will be held in Edinburgh, the centre of those for the East and North, as Glasgow is the centre for the West and South-West. The Edinburgh general committee for next week's assembly is said to include nearly all the Scotch Liberal Peers and members of the House of Commons, and the proceedings will perhaps be at least as imposing as those of the late demonstration at Birmingham. But there is no denying that the Conservatives are pulling far more evenly together than the Liberals. As Mr. Gladstone observed at Birmingham, there is a natural tendency towards conflict of opinion in a progressive party, which is as naturally wanting in one whose main business is to resist innovation. Even already there has occurred a split in the new Association for Southwark—a body formed on the Birmingham type. The Southwark Radicals have seceded from the main body, and Mr. Stansfeld opened a separate club for them last week. The attempts to organise the Liberals of Marylebone and Finsbury have also failed. Birmingham, in fact, offers an excellent example to every Liberal borough in the kingdom. Thanks to its political discipline, it has been enabled to add a very large number of new names to the register.

Mr. Forster made another educational speech on Thursday in the theatre of the London University on the occasion of a distribution of prizes. His theme this time was Secondary Education: the machinery of secondary education, not the subjects. Mr. Forster proposes to meet the difficulty of finding good secondary schools by extending to them the system of Government inspection. He had originally intended when he introduced the Endowed Schools Act in 1869 to make provision for inspection, but apparently he feared the people. "That Act had two parts, one for the reform of the grammar schools, and the other for keeping them in their reformed condition. It was impossible for various reasons at that time to push the second part of the Bill; and perhaps public opinion was not then prepared for the measure, the principle of which was that inspection should be offered to all secondary schools, and should be compulsory on all grammar schools." The only objection, we may presume, came from the teachers, but, Mr. Forster says, "opinion had now veered round, and many educational authorities were in favour of some such plan which would help to secure the recognition of teaching as a profession. Teachers wanted certificates, and he would offer them certificates in all secondary schools and would make them compulsory in grammar schools. That might not be the best plan, but it should be, at all events, considered by those who had the interests of education at heart. The inspection of schools was to belong to the State rather than to the Universities; though if an educational council such as he proposed were established, six of its members would be appointed by the Universities, three by the Crown, and three by some method which would give a fair representation to the teaching profession." There certainly is nothing to be said against inspection from the point of view of the public, and teachers also

would have no right to complain if proper means were taken to secure competent inspectors.

Lord Hartington, when in Scotland, is to be the guest not of the Duke of Argyll but of the Earl of Rosebery, and the circumstance has given increased weight to the suspicion that it is intended ultimately to give the leadership of the Scotch Liberal Peers to the thorough-paced Earl in place of the Duke, who, although he has recently shown the soundness of his Liberalism on many questions, seems to be sadly hampered by his Court relationships. It should be remembered, however, that, in consequence of the recent conflagration at his castle, the Duke has not much sleeping accommodation for friends political or private. Besides, Lord Rosebery is a brother of Lord Hartington's in the bonds of the turf; and, further, his residence being situated between Edinburgh and Glasgow, the two cities in which the Marquis is to hold his chief Liberal "revival" meetings, is much easier of access than Inverary Castle, or even one of the hotels of Oban. At the same time, if certain reports are to be believed, it might be advisable that the Duke should do for the political opinions of his son what Lord Lorne has recently done for the English version of the Psalms of David—revise and very largely correct them. It has already been noticed in these columns that the votes of Lord Lorne in the last two Sessions of Parliament have been almost uniformly given in favour of the Court and Conservative parties, and now it is said that "in view of the reported approaching elevation to the peerage," the Argyllshire Tories are preparing to carry the county by taking the Liberals unawares. Their candidate is already mentioned in the person of Mr. Wingfield Malcolm, member for Boston, and a popular Argyllshire squire.

The members of the Italian Ministry are returning to Rome, and the opening of Parliament is fixed for the 15th of this month. It is said, and has been said for a long time, that the Cabinet is anything but a united body. If current reports are to be trusted, it lives in a state of chronic discord, in which one powerful and overbearing will plays the chief part, both in creating and in subduing dissension. Under these circumstances it does not seem likely that the Ministry can long retain its present shape. The large majority which it commands in the Chamber will be rather a danger than a safeguard, in the absence of any definite political programme to hold the party together, and in the face of divergent tendencies within the Cabinet itself. How far the changes will go which may take place in the composition or the attitude of the Ministry, depends probably on external events. The definite victory of the Republican party in France, which now seems more assured than it did a short time ago, would remove, not only a serious danger from Italy, but also a strong motive for the members of the Government and the majority to keep well together. The death of the Pope, on the other hand, and the grave responsibilities which would then devolve on the Italian Government before Europe, would no doubt serve to give it fresh force and cohesion; but the Pope lives on, and in the interests of the Liberal cause it is to be hoped that his life, and with it the truce which prevails between the extreme parties, will be prolonged to the utmost. But in the not improbable case of an uneventful year, with France tranquil, the Pope still living on, and the Eastern Question settled in some fashion or other without the intervention of any other European Power, whatever bad blood there may be in the Cabinet is likely to show itself. The meeting of the Chamber will be awaited with interest.

The disclosures made in the Vienna Arsenal affair, which has just been brought to a close, have not improved the feeling of suspicion with which the Austrians regard the Italians. The matter had created considerable excitement when it was heard that three *employés* in the Arsenal had sold the secret of the manufacture of the Uchatius cannon to a military *attaché* whom general report asserted to be Major Mainoni of the Italian Embassy. So strong was this belief that several of the papers were highly indignant that Major Mainoni should have the presumption to attend the military manœuvres before the Emperor at Kaschau. Nor was the feeling confined to the papers. All the officers of one regiment decided to challenge him *en masse*, but were only prevented by their colonel's opposition. He said that if the report was true he would be too dishonoured to be able to give satisfaction to a gentleman, and, on the other hand, if it was not true, there was no ground whereon to demand satisfaction. The issue of the trial must be awaited. Major Mainoni, however, judged it advisable not to await the result, and returned to Italy. The trial of the three men has now been brought to a close. It appears that the chief culprit, Nachtnebel, abstracted the drawings in question with the help of a man named Zeller. These drawings were subsequently handed, by Giacomo Armani, Major Mainoni's private secretary, to an architect's assistant, Joseph Minister, to be copied. Minister at once saw the importance of the matter, and communicated it to his superiors. At the trial, Armani confessed that he had given the drawings to Minister, and stated that he had received them from Mainoni for the purpose of getting them copied. Nachtnebel's counsel then demanded that Major Mainoni should be summoned as a witness, but the Court refused the application. In the end, Nachtnebel was condemned to four years' and Zeller to two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

Mr. Butler-Johnstone's Oriental career has at last come to an end. For some time he had been driving the Turks to their wits' end by his ill-advised interference in everything that did not concern him, till Savfet Pasha at last sent a telegram to Musurus Pasha, asking him to induce the Foreign Office to "recall him." Mr. Johnstone, hearing of this telegram, obtained an audience of the Sultan, and accused Refeed Bey, the son and secretary of Savfet Pasha, of selling State secrets to Russia. In consequence thereof Refeed Bey was dismissed. But on Mr. Johnstone's return to Constantinople—which he had left, as rumour says, to direct the great Hungarian raid—Refeed Bey wrote to him to demand proofs of the charges Mr. Johnstone had made against him. After a short correspondence between the two, Mr. Johnstone considered it most advisable to leave Turkey by the next boat of the Messageries for Marseilles, whilst Savfet Pasha and Refeed Bey have sent instructions to their solicitor in London to prosecute Mr. Johnstone for libel and defamation of character. So the story goes.

The Akhoond of Swat, whose moral support the Ameer, the Khan of Khelat—and why not the Central Asiatic Russians?—are said to be seeking for a politico-religious war against British India, is now over eighty years old. When he began his career in Swat forty years ago he was only one among many holy men whose virtues and miraculous gifts won them crowds of followers. Such were the Mollah of Kotah, Gholam Jhillanee of Peshawur, and the Akhoond of the Khyber. But the Swat Akhoond's miracles, and still more his asceticisms, surpassed all theirs, so that before 1850 he became the most powerful religious despot in that part of Asia. There is good reason for believing that the crafty old man bore an active though secret part in helping the Indian Government to put his rivals and co-religionists, the Wahabees, under lock and key. The Akhoond won his first reputation as a *faqueer*, or religious mendicant of extremely austere habits, which he has maintained even in his old age, tempering them, however, with libations of strong tea. He consumes, it is said, about thirty-five cups per diem. Doctor Johnson drew the line at eighteen.

As the military strength of Cabul is now the subject

of some unnecessarily anxious speculation, it may be worth while stating what Major Lumsden estimated it to be when he went to Candahar, on the conclusion of the Treaty of 1857:—Sixteen infantry regiments, of the nominal strength of 800 men each; three regiments of cavalry, each 300 strong; with an artillery park of one mortar, five heavy guns, seventy-six field-pieces, and six mountain train guns. To these he added some 20,000 irregular troops. For the last ten years, Shere Ali has been drilling and arming, on European principles, the force left him by his father, Dost Mahomed. He has also greatly increased it; so that Cabul may be considered to be very well armed for a Central Asiatic State, which, however, is not saying much.

Several firms interested in the trade with China recently addressed a joint letter to Lord Derby, in which they complained of the omission of Sir Thomas Wade's remarks on Trade from his Report on the Chefoo Convention which appeared in the blue-book lately issued. They urged on his Lordship the expediency of the publication of the remarks in question, in order, as they said, that they might have an opportunity, before the ratification or rejection of the Convention, of judging the arguments which weighed with the British Minister in negotiating this portion of it, as without these they consider it impossible fairly to consider the matter in all its bearings. Lord Tenterden curtly informed them in reply that Sir T. Wade's observations on Trade would hereafter be presented to Parliament when the Convention had been "fully considered." Meanwhile it seems the excised portion of the Minister's report has been submitted to the Indian Government for its opinion, and the fate of the Convention will not be decided till this has been communicated to the Foreign Office. Sir Thomas, in a letter which appeared in the *Daily News* of last Tuesday, takes on himself the whole blame of the delay. "Why the Report was so long forthcoming," he says, "is explained in the Report itself. Had it been sooner submitted to the Secretary of State, or had such portions of its matter as it was natural that the Government of India would require to consider been directly communicated by me to the Government of India, further reference to India would in all probability have been unnecessary, and the public would not have had to wait for the information that has now been temporarily kept back from it." Why the information has been kept back Sir Thomas does not state, but official etiquette, we take it, requires such a course. Still, it is to be regretted that the requirements of official etiquette should necessitate what the mercantile body interested in the China trade are justified in regarding as most unseasonable reticence. They are keenly interested in and deeply affected by the stipulations of the new Agreement, and it is manifestly desirable that the earliest possible opportunity of expressing their opinion on the matter should be afforded them. This they cannot do till they are in possession of the information now withheld. There is no time to lose. The German Government is, we believe, at this moment effecting a revision of its treaty at Peking, and if our Government continues to pursue its present dilatory course, we shall probably find that the Chefoo Convention will be superseded altogether by the revised German Treaty. It is true, of course, that by the "favoured-nation" clause in the Treaties we shall enjoy the benefit of any concessions which Herr von Brandt may wring from the Tsung Li Yamên. But with our vastly larger trade, and our greater interests generally in China, it does not seem dignified or becoming that we should owe the establishment of our just commercial privileges in that country to the action of Germany or any other Power.

The recent exchange of ideas on the Indian opium trade with China, between the Society of Friends and the Chinese Ambassador, is hardly saved by the manifest earnestness of the deputation from being ridiculous. "We have," they said, "deplored the traffic in opium, originating in contravention of the laws of China, and shall rejoice to do our part in every effort to discourage it between India and China." In reply the Ambassador assured them that the Chinese Government "now contemplate taking measures to prohibit opium smoking in China." "Thus," says His Excellency, "it may be hoped that the use of the drug will diminish. For two years India has suffered much from famine, and the people from want of food. This want is in a great measure owing to so much land being devoted to the cultivation of the poppy. . . . The evil of opium by the substitution of the poppy for the more legitimate tillage of the corn-fields is seen to be greatly felt even in India. If, therefore, India can be persuaded to grow cereals instead of opium, a great step would be gained towards the future support (during famines) of the people." In saying that the Chinese Government "now" contemplate taking measures to prevent opium smoking, His Excellency adroitly left the Friends to infer that some sudden and recent increase in the consumption of the drug had awakened the attention of Pekin to the matter. The truth, however, is that the oldest laws of China prohibit opium smoking, and that the cultivation of the poppy has, from a very early date, been forbidden, the penalty being by the ancient laws of China "death;" but from the fact that poppy has always been immensely grown, and every year over an increasing area, it is tolerably evident that the Pekin Government views the remunerative industry with little disfavour. His Excellency continued—"Thus" (that is, by "now" legislating against opium) "it is hoped that the use of the drug will diminish." Who hopes it? The Government of China that draws so enormous an income from it? or the officials who scramble for the administrative posts in the opium districts, where, by bribes from the cultivators, the effete laws being held *in terrorem* over them, and, by shameful participation in the trade, they grow rapidly rich? or the people who, in spite of laws and the penalties attaching, are yearly extending their cultivation of the poppy, and very shrewdly appreciate the profits arising from so lucrative an industry?

It is rather remarkable that whilst all the recent rumours about the alleged proposals for mediation by the British Government came from Vienna or Pesth, the Vienna and Pesth papers make all these said rumours come from London. Is there any easy explanation of this remarkable fact?

The Corporation of London has fallen upon evil times when its aldermen act suicidally, and its Lord Mayor elect, on the eve of taking office, confesses at a public dinner that "there are many things which might be altered in the Corporation." This confession was made at a dinner of the Loriners' Company last week, when Mr. Alderman Owden sat side by side with Sir John Bennett, whom he and his colleagues had declared unfit for the post of alderman—an opinion which appears not to be shared in by their own selected alderman, seeing that he thought so highly of Sir John as to ask him to continue in the office of deputy. Sir John Bennett threatens Parliamentary interference with some of the City privileges, and we are assured that a Bill will be introduced during the next Session, to place the aldermen of the City on the same footing as regards the term of office with aldermen in country Corporations. This is evidently to be the first point of attack upon the City. And it must be rather pleasing to the disregarded electors of the Ward of Cheap to discover in the Lord Mayor elect a powerful ally. Speaking at the same dinner, with reference to the life-tenure of the office of alderman, he said that "he would have no man chosen that way." But if the proposal aims merely at curtailing the term of office, so as to make the aldermen more amendable to the opinion of their constituents, it is hardly worth the accomplishing. If, however, it goes forth, we may hope yet to see the administration of justice in the City placed in the hands, as it is now in London outside the City, of skilled and competent magistrates.

THE IMPENDING DOOM OF PLEVNA.

One of our contemporaries, with that courage in sustaining its convictions which cannot but inspire the admiration and command the esteem of political opponents, alluded, during the week, to the infatuation of one of its Philo-Russian contemporaries in believing that the last hours of Osman Pasha at Plevna were rapidly arriving. Now, though we do not plead guilty to the charge of being Philo-Russian in the sense in which our contemporary uses the word, but, on the contrary, rather pride ourselves on being essentially English in thought, feeling, and action, and therefore do not feel that our contemporary alludes to us, we must confess that we did regard the fall of Plevna as imminent. And what is more, we adduced our reasons for that belief. Very curiously, we stated that General Gourko had effectually cut off Osman Pasha from his base of supplies, and we also gave the reason for the failure of the Roumanian attack upon the Grivitza and Bukovar redoubts. Still more curiously has this intelligence since been confirmed by the telegraphic reports of correspondents on the spot, and, most curious of all, we were also the first to point out, as long ago as the beginning of this month, that the Russians were preparing to seize Telisch (Telis) on the road to Orkhanie, in order to cut Osman Pasha's line of communications with Sophia. After this, we may be pardoned if we also sustain our convictions and point out with a certain degree of satisfaction that we not only consistently exposed the errors the Russians had committed, but also showed what course they ought to have adopted—a course which has since been, so far, approved of by General Todleben, and will shortly be amply justified by the result.

Our chief satisfaction, however, lies in a matter of detail. It is easy enough with reliable data at one's disposal to shadow forth, in a general way, the general course of future events. But when we find technical details confirmed by telegraphic information some days after we published them, we cannot but feel excessively pleased that, in spite of the endeavour of the Russian commanders to exclude correspondents from the scene of operations in the front, it is still possible to obtain authentic information. The matter of detail to which we allude was the insufficient number and capacity of the approaches to the parallels. We said last Saturday:—"Since last week, when, as we asserted, the fourth parallels against the Grivitza redoubt and the redoubts and lines of Bukovar were completed, an attempt was made by the Roumanians to obtain possession of the two strongholds, but they were defeated, in consequence of the approaches to the parallels not having been sufficiently numerous or capacious enough to admit of the troops advancing with the rapidity necessary to overcome the masses which the Turks poured into the menaced works."

Thus we wrote on Saturday. On Monday the *Cologne Gazette* published a despatch from its correspondent, who had just returned from before Plevna, of which we give a condensed translation. The correspondent says:—"At noon four battalions, taken from different regiments, were marched to the parallels and approaches, and prepared to storm the position. The fourth parallel was only 20 mètres distant from the foot of the redoubt into the ditch, at the foot of which the Roumanians penetrated at a given signal, without much loss from the enemy's fire. But the rush from the parallels was not accomplished at one stroke, but only gradually, *as there was no room for the storming party in the fourth parallel, and the men had to be brought forward by driblets through the approaches from the third and second parallels.* The troops then attacked the breastworks, and tried to penetrate into the interior of the redoubt. But here the Turks stood their ground, were amply reinforced, and filled the ditch outside with the Roumanian dead and wounded. At this result the Roumanian leaders did not apparently know what to do, and ordered the retreat, which was accomplished without excessive losses as the enemy's fire was held in check by that of the troops in the parallels and approaches and by the Roumanian artillery. At the same time, it must be added, the attack was prefaced by a fierce artillery fire, but the Turks constantly received reinforcements from Fort Bukovar, with which the redoubt (Plevnitza) is connected by trenches, so that the number of the defenders was always kept up to 1,000 men, the same number which the Roumanians brought to the storm."

This confirms almost word for word, not only the intelligence we previously published, but also the correctness of our views when we insisted on September 22 that the key of the position at Plevna lay in the Bukovar works. Regarding this, the same correspondent—an experienced military man—writes as follows:—"I have already said that, with cautious leadership and an energetic attack, I do not consider it too difficult to capture the Plevnitza Redoubt (the *Fort Sanglant* of the Roumanians), but that it would be very difficult to hold it without the possession of Fort Bukovar." He then continues to say that, though the assault might have been very sanguinary, still, had the Roumanians been able to pour in successive waves of assailants, the redoubt would probably have fallen. But, from the causes we mentioned, the Roumanians were not able to bring the attacking party up to more than a number equal to that of the defenders, so that they naturally were defeated. As might be expected, in consequence of the new arrangements, the *Times*, correspondent's account of this affair is erroneous. He states, of course on the faith of official intelligence, that the Roumanians held the redoubt for half an hour, but were driven out again with considerable loss. They never penetrated beyond the ditch. There is also another point which has to be cleared up. According to our information, last week an attack had been made on the Bukovar position. Of this neither the *Times* nor the *Cologne Gazette* correspondents make any mention. They only speak of a terribly fierce cannonade. This point we are also able to clear up. The Roumanians were quite aware that the redoubt could not contain more than 1,000 men, and as it was connected by only one approach with the Bukovar fort, they nicely calculated that they could pour reinforcements into the redoubt quicker than the Turks, and thus contented themselves with a cannonade and fusillade of the Bukovar position and lines. But unfortunately for the Roumanians, the Turks had been informed of the danger, and had considerably widened their approaches, and constructed new ones. Consequently, they were easily able to keep up the garrison to its full complement.

Regarding the operations of General Gourko west of Plevna it has not been noticed that the object—or at least one of the objects—of the renewed fierce bombardment of Plevna was to distract the attention of Osman Pasha from what was going on in his rear. Here, on Oct. 24, General Gourko attacked simultaneously the works of Telisch and those of Gorni Dubnik, which protected the high-road from Plevna to Vratza and Orkhanie. The attack on Telisch was a feint; that on the redoubt at Dubnik was the real attack, resulting in its capture at a cost of between 2,500 and 3,000 men killed and wounded. Dubnik being thus in the hands of the Russians, General Gourko proceeded to follow up the feint upon Telisch by a real attack in which he was materially assisted by the success of another feint upon Gradischnitza, a village and fortified position about eight miles due east of Yablanitza which again is some fifteen miles south of Telisch, on the road to Orkhanie, and where there was a considerable Turkish force which was thus drawn away from the protection of Telisch. Telisch itself was surrounded and subjected to a fierce cannonade from seventy-two guns, which, after two hours' duration, resulted in the capitulation of the Turkish troops, 5,000 strong, and their commander Ismail Hakki Pasha, who have been sent in the meantime to Dubnik, where it is said they have had the option of remaining prisoners of war or gaining their freedom on parole not to take up arms again against the Russians. This, we are told, is incorrect. They have the option of remaining prisoners of war or entering Plevna, where they will help to eat up the provisions which appear to be getting scarce in Osman Pasha's stronghold.

These operations of General Gourko have accomplished two objects. Not only do they cut off Osman Pasha's communications with the rest of the world, but they enable General Todleben to prosecute the works west and south-west of Plevna, to which we alluded last week as having been commenced, but which could not be extended beyond the Vid, in the south-west, between Kirtojab and Trnian, where the Turks have constructed works in connexion with those of Oltochagas. Now, however, that his rear is secured from an attack by Chevket Pasha, he will be able to push forward the works that have been traced before Dolni Dubnik (Lower Dubnik) which is not five miles from Gorni Dubnik (Upper Dubnik) just captured by General Gourko. The immediate object of these approaches is to gain possession of the Oltochagas redoubt, which commands the passage over the Vid from Plevna, and the capture of which would turn the Turkish position before Trnian. At the same time, the works have been pushed on in front of Gorni Asagi, in the north-west, so that the roads from Plevna to Orkhanie and Rahova are barred and flanked on both sides. The investment at last is complete.

To judge now from the movements of the troops round Plevna, and the distribution of the artillery and ammunition, it would appear that, whilst the bombardment will be heaviest in the south-east from the batteries at Radichevo and Kirjine, and in the north-east between Bukovar and Grivitza, the chief attack of the soldiery will take place from the direction of Bivolar and Oltochagas. One of the reasons for this belief lies in the fact that the Roumanian right wing has been covered by Russian troops occupying Bivolar in considerable force, and because, as we have already said, there is the key to the position. Such being the case, the Russians would not have massed their artillery so much in the opposite direction had they not intended to carry the Bivolar-Bukovar lines by an assault *en masse*, which a fierce cannonade in the south-east and east would assist them in doing by forcing Osman Pasha to weaken his northern lines at the risk of the feint on the south and east turning into a real attack, carried out by several separate columns advancing on each individual position according to the cut-up nature of the ground. If, however, it is true that Osman Pasha's supplies are falling short, he will in all probability give battle to General Gourko, and endeavour to cut his way through to Vratza or Rahova. But the chances of his succeeding are very minute, and become still smaller every day.

East of the Yantra there does not appear to have been much change, except that there are indications of an intention to throw a second operating corps into the Dobrudja, as the Russians have a corps (15,000) at Kalarash, and five regiments on one of the islands east of Silistria, between Adakoi and Broscho. These forces are evidently intended to co-operate with General Zimmermann, unless, indeed, a curious story that is current regarding Mehemet Ali is true. The account runs that Mehemet ordered the construction of the bridge connecting Silistria with one of the islands, and which created a certain amount of alarm in Roumania, in order to weaken the Russian forces in other parts of the field, and says that his stratagem was completely successful. If this is true, which we doubt, and rather think Mehemet Ali was making fun of his lady correspondent who tells the tale, it would be rather curious if these forces he "detached" were now to turn the tables and detach some of the Turks from their positions in the quadrilateral. But as it is not likely that the Czarevitch will assume the offensive till Plevna has fallen, and it is still more improbable that Suleiman Pasha will, no movements beyond the securing of good positions may be expected on either side for the next few days.

In Asia Minor there is nothing to note beyond recording the positions of Mukhtar Pasha and Ismail Hakki Pasha, who have ranged their troops in entrenched positions, about 40,000 strong, with their centre at Koprikoi, their left on the Kiretch Dagh, and their right at Delibaba. General Heymann is advancing from the north, having failed to intercept Mukhtar Pasha in the Soghanli Dagh, General Lazareff is at Topra Kaleh, and General Tergukassoff is reported to be marching across the Scherian Dagh in the direction of Kylly. If this is true it would appear that General Heymann intends attacking in force from the north, whilst Generals Tergukassoff and Lazareff operate in the rear and on the right of Mukhtar Pasha's position.

THE EVIDENCE OF MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES.

Mr. Archibald Forbes's article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Russians, Turks, and Bulgarians," which sums up in admirably clear and vivid form the results of his observations at the Seat of War, will produce a profound effect wherever it is read, and nowhere more than in Russia if the censorship allows it to pass into that country. It cannot be said to be absolutely necessary in Russia as a revelation of the official corruption which, as Mr. Forbes says, "permeates and vitiates their whole military system," for the letters of the *Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg show that this is too well known there and bitterly deplored, but it could hardly fail to intensify the general dissatisfaction, and produce such an irresistible cry for reform as followed the disasters of the Crimean War. Of the bravery and humanity of the Russian soldier Mr. Forbes speaks in the highest terms. "The Russian officer," he says, "has the splendid valour of his nationality; he is no braggart, but does his fighting as a matter of course, and as part of the day's work, when he is bidden to do it. As for the Russian private, I regard him as the finest material for a soldier that the soldier-producing world, so far as I am acquainted with it, affords." The stories of Russian atrocities which have been trumped up by the Turks, Mr. Forbes, having used every opportunity to test the truth of them, meets with an angry denial. "The Turks have tried to blow hot and cold—to profit by their barbarism, and plough with the heifer of civilisation. While slaying and sparing not, they have addressed whining, and it may be added lying, appeals to Europe, invoking the enactments of the Geneva Convention, which they themselves set at naught. Wielding the axe and chopper of ruthless savages, they have acted like a pack of querulous and mendacious old women, in cackling to Europe their trumped-up allegations of violations of civilised warfare on the part of their enemies." "Of the multitudinous 'atrocities' on Turkish refugees charged against the Russian soldiery with so persistent circumstantiality by Turkish authorities and their abettors, I have never found the smallest tittle of evidence, and on soul and conscience believe the allegations thereof to be utterly false." "The Russian of my experience is instinctively a humane man, with a strong innate sense of the manliness of fair play." But while Mr. Forbes is warm in his admiration of the raw material of the Russian army, he has little good to say about its organisation. "I tremble," he says, "to think how high corruption reaches in the Russian army; I shudder to reflect how low it descends." "To be venal, so far from not being recognised as a crime, is not so much as regarded as a thing to be ashamed of. Peculation faces the inquirer at every turn; indeed, it lies patently, glaringly on the surface." The military authorities are fee'd by the contractors; it is their common interest that bad arms and bad accoutrements should be supplied, and that the stores of food should be accumulated at inconvenient stations and allowed to rot. Along with corruption goes favouritism in the bestowal of commands; it is not the best soldier that is promoted, but the man most in favour with the Commander-in-Chief and those near him. The only ray of hope in this dark picture lies in the personal character of the Czar. Mr. Forbes gives him credit for loathing with all his heart, as a true patriot, the false system which "strikes at the vitals of the Russian army," but he fears that the loathing is impotent, and that "he is not the Hercules to cleanse this Augean

stable." It may, however, be that the fierce light thrown upon Russian officialism by the present campaign will rouse such popular indignation as will enable him to break down the evil as the Crimean War enabled him to effect the emancipation of the serf.

This, however, is more a matter for Russians than for Englishmen to think over. The majority of Englishmen have too much generosity to rejoice over the misfortunes even of a rival, and sufficient political education to see that we have nothing to gain as a nation by the prevalence of corruption in Russia; but there our direct interest in the matter ends. What Mr. Forbes has to say about the character of the Bulgarians will rouse more attention here. Mr. Forbes does not give the Bulgarians a good character; he represents them as being extortionate, deceitful, arrogant, even towards the Russian soldiers, who are fighting for their deliverance from the Turkish yoke. Their country is far from being a wilderness desolated by Turkish rapacity; on the contrary, they are much better off than the Russian peasants are at home, their fields bear excellent crops, the last year's straw is in their farmyards, their stock of cattle and brood-mares is ample. The Bulgarian, in short, is steady and industrious, and he has learnt the secret of buying off the Turkish zaptiehs and yuzbashis. Of course there has been a shriek of triumph from the Turcophils over these assertions, the assertions of a keen observer and unimpeachably trustworthy witness. But two things have not been remarked. In the first place, Mr. Forbes, as he is careful again and again to repeat, is speaking only of the Bulgarians north of the Balkans. He has not been south of the Balkans, and he emphatically disclaims reference to any part of Turkey beyond what he has seen. What he says has no application whatever to Bosnia and the Herzegovina, where the insurrection first broke out, nor to the Bulgarians south of the Balkans whose timid rising was so barbarously suppressed in May, 1876. Mr. Forbes's account of the Northern Bulgarians, so far from contradicting, really confirms all that has been said about the miserable condition of the insurgent districts. The train was laid, Mr. Forbes assures us upon the authority of General Tchernaieff, for a rising in Northern Bulgaria also, but no rising took place, the population being too comfortable under the *modus vivendi* which they had established with their masters. If the population in other parts of Turkey had been equally comfortable, we may be sure there would have been no armed insurrections among them either. Mr. Forbes does not say that Northern Bulgaria was well governed by the Turks; only their soil is so rich and their industry so unintermittent that they have succeeded in paying heavy and arbitrary taxes and "squaring" the administrators of the law, and yet retaining for themselves a goodly portion of comfort. It is to be remarked, further, that the vices which Mr. Forbes attributes to the Bulgarians are not due to natural ineradicable depravity, but are the natural outcome of the system of government under which they contrived to live. When the presence of the Russians gave the Bulgarians the upper hand, they simply imitated the only patterns of superiors which had come within the range of their experience, and murdered, pillaged, cheated as they had seen their masters do. It is a strange obliquity of vision which sees in the behaviour of the emancipated Bulgarians a justification for the rule of the Turks, a final and convincing proof that the Turks are true gentlemen and heaven-sent administrators. Their behaviour when the tables were turned was naturally and inevitably a reflection of the savage manners of their late masters in similar periods of excitement.

The chief value of Mr. Forbes's remarks upon the Bulgarians consists in the light thrown upon the question whether they are fit for self-government. We have all along expressed doubts, with all respect for other advocates of their emancipation from the Turks, whether this could be so, and these doubts are confirmed by Mr. Forbes's experiences. It would indeed be an argument in favour of despotism if the population of a country so governed were fitted to take the reins of power into their hand the moment their oppressors were removed by foreign force. There is no advantage to a population in removing a despotism unless you put a competent administration in its place, armed with the necessary powers for preserving public order. That the Turkish administration is incompetent as well as brutal in dealing with the disorders which its own incompetence has created, and that the sooner it is out of Europe the better, is the opinion of all but a few fanatics, who think that the Turk must be an admirable ruler, because he is so easy-tempered and dignified when he has nothing to do and everything his own way. Mr. Forbes, while he admits the "contemptuous, good-natured humanity, or rather, perhaps, tolerant unaggressiveness" of the Turks, makes no attempt to disguise their bad qualities as a ruling power in Europe. "The Turks," he says, "are barbarians pure and simple. They have neither part nor lot in civilisation; their religion and its injunctions, their origin, the area of their empire, their Conservatism, bar them out from the European family circle." At the same time, he acknowledges that their expulsion from Europe would be "no holiday undertaking." Certainly it would not, because, as Mr. Forbes says, they carry into war a barbarous ferocity to which European soldiers are not accustomed, and, when their fighting blood is up, mutilate and murder the wounded in furious contempt of the usages of civilised warfare. That the Russians fight against such savages without giving way to panics is the strongest possible proof of their valour and hardihood in the field. Nevertheless, there was a moment since the Eastern Question was reopened when it would have been possible to settle it for ever by the expulsion of the Turkish rule from Europe with much less expenditure of blood and treasure and much less danger to European peace than the present war has occasioned. If our present Ministry had been possessed of half the courage and firmness which British statesmen have shown in the past, they might have taken advantage of this moment. But they drifted past it with imbecile indecision, and lost an opportunity for a final settlement of the problem of the East which can hardly be expected to recur in the present generation.

THE GREAT PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE AT BERLIN.

To be ruled by a Ministry of Absentees, and to let that Ministry practically undo the wishes of Parliament, cannot be called the perfection of representative government. No wonder mutterings of rebellion have arisen of late in the ranks of the most moderate Liberals in Prussia; whilst the Radical Progressists, led by Virchow and Haenel, were eager for an assault upon the entrenchments of Varzin. The anomalies in the Prussian Administration are a crying evil. They are recognised as such by the people at large—nay, even by many men within the Government camp. Prince Bismarck, who has built up an Empire out of two-thirds of the old territory of the German nation, is not easily amenable either to strict Parliamentary rule or to the notion of equality among his own colleagues. According to the Prussian Constitution, the King appoints the Cabinet, and the several Ministers are in direct communication with him. This state of things is well known not to be to the liking of the domineering Premier. Hence his satirical saying that "Ministers are separated from each other by a Chinese wall." He wishes to see the wall thrown down—not for the purpose of bringing about a fuller co-operation among the various Ministers, but for that of more efficiently himself ruling the whole roost.

Meantime he plays the political absentee, whilst trying to force on, now and then, the withdrawal of some colleague whom he cannot quite mould to his wishes. Thus, there was, a few months ago, the rampagious scene with the Chief of the Admiralty, General Stosch, which it cost William I. the utmost efforts to

allay. Thus there is now the granting of a six months' leave, "for reasons of health," to the Home Secretary; the real cause being a quarrel between him and the Premier as to a question of administrative reform. In the place of Prince Bismarck, M. Camphausen now acts as a substitute. In the place of Count Eulenburg, Dr. Friedenthal, the Minister for Agriculture, has to face the House of Deputies. Add to this that the Cabinet contains two members, Herr von Bülow and M. Hofmann, whose unaccountable presence stamps them, so to say, as foreign bodies in the Ministerial fabric—as strange flies in amber, of whom nobody knows how they came there. The public mind stands aghast at these monstrosities. If so complicated a system of "tickets-of-leave," of commissioned Ministerial clerks or substitutes, and of Ministers *in partibus*, were to be continued, as it promises to be under the temper of its retired, yet omnipresent author, parliamentary government would soon become a vexed problem, before which the knottiest points of the Eastern Question must seem a transparent child's riddle.

The Speech from the Throne brought matters to a crisis. There was a passage in it which appeared to indicate that the reform in matters of provincial, municipal, and rural administration and self-government, which both the Progressists and the Liberals desire, should for the time be shelved. With good reason, Count Eulenburg's leave-taking was interpreted as a protest against this dilatory policy. That Minister has never shone before with a great ardour of Liberalism. In fact, he is a relic from the period of reaction. Yet, in the manner, let us say, of the Duc Decazes, he had gradually become alive to the necessity of humouring public opinion, when, all at once, he was met by a veto from the Baltic regions, where the powerful Hermit dwells in sulky seclusion. Seeing that even Eulenburg felt uneasy at last, Moderate Liberals thought it high time to gird their loins. Their organs came out with strong expressions of alarm, not unmixed with a hint that everything could be satisfactorily arranged if the whole Cabinet were re-cast, under Bismarck's presidency, in the National Liberal sense. This idea may seem a very flighty one, under the present chaotic circumstances. It was, however, founded on the knowledge of an offer to enter the Cabinet having actually been made to one of the foremost National Liberal leaders, Herr von Bennigsen. He, however, positively declined doing so alone; for though the Prussian Cabinet consists, in Bismarck's words, of separate compartments, divided from each other by Chinese walls, it is, paradoxical as this may sound, at the same time an open lion's den in which a single National Liberal would have no Daniel's chance. Herr von Bennigsen therefore made it a condition that the Cabinet at large should be recast in the sense of his party. As this was not agreed to, the negotiation fell through.

No sooner had Parliament met, than the Progressist leaders thought it their duty to give battle. They proposed two resolutions: expressing blame of the reactionary intentions of Government in the matter of Administrative Reform; and insisting on Ministerial Responsibility, which had suffered from the system of grants of leave, being made a truth. A third point raised was, that the dignity of Parliament had not been respected, seeing that no formal announcement of the Cabinet order which granted Prince Bismarck's leave, had been made to the representatives of the people. This minor grievance was quickly done away with by a corresponding Governmental communication.

When the debates began, amidst a larger concourse of people to the galleries than had been the case for several years, matters looked somewhat promising for the Opposition. As usual, however, the game was spoilt by the Centre Party, composed of Ultramontanes and Particularists, under the leadership of the Roman Catholic Hanoverian ex-Minister, M. Windthorst. He, too, came forth with a motion referring to Ministerial Responsibility; but not touching at all upon Administrative Reform. Now, whenever action is taken by the intriguing, unpatriotic Centre party, the National Liberals become sensitive in the extreme, and are apt to bolt from the race-course of the Opposition; galloping back in great haste to their customary quarters. This was the natural outlook as soon as Windthorst stepped to the front; all the more so because the reform in municipal and rural self-government on which Liberal opinion insists, is a somewhat two-edged tool, so far as the Rhine-lands and Westphalia are concerned.

In these provinces, Ultramontanism has gained much ground. Whatever relaxation took place in the once stringent laws concerning the Press, has been cleverly made use of by the Romanist chaplains for the establishment of cheap little prints, through which the peasantry are influenced; the money for the foundation of which prints the same clever priests know how to extract from the deluded populace by means of unblushing miracle-working. A counter-organisation—the so-called "German Union"—under the honorary presidency of the historian, Herr von Sybel, endeavours to combat this Romanist agitation. But as Sybel, to whom the nickname of the "Vice-King of the Rhinelands" is given, keeps with harsh strictness within the Governmental groove, the influence of his Association on the more free and easy minded Rhinelanders, who are of Democratic inclination, even when they go clerically astray, is considerably weakened. Be that as it may, the mind of not a few steady-going or timid Liberals is haunted by misgivings lest the reforms in municipal and rural administration, if applied equally to all Prussian provinces, might throw additional power into the hands of the Rhenish and Westphalian Ultramontanes. Here is the point of contact between a section of the Liberals and that Governmental class of men who would prefer seeing administrative reform only applied, for the nonce, to the eastern part of the Monarchy, and who are altogether averse to the hold of the bureaucracy on administrative affairs in general being too much weakened.

This being the political situation, it was not very difficult for Government to ride the storm which had arisen in Parliament. First of all, Dr. Friedenthal gave an assurance—beautifully vague, but still very conciliatory—that there was no intention of giving up Reform, but that the "principles" and the "spirit" of Liberalism would still be the guide of Government. With a few cautious words he, however, indicated that "the great differences in the different parts of the kingdom could not be left out of account." On the subject of Ministerial Responsibility he, as well as M. Camphausen, boldly asserted that nothing had been changed. Denying any undue influence of the Premier, M. Camphausen even went so far in independent bearing as to exclaim that "Prince Bismarck should only try, for once, to govern in an absolute sense, when he would see rising against him difficulties of the greatest magnitude." As the same speaker declared that "if Parliament thought the present Cabinet were not up to their task, it should formally express this opinion, whereupon Ministers would be ready to yield their places to others"—the Opposition of the National Liberals was entirely disarmed.

The details of the parliamentary tournament are very interesting. Virchow, as usual, hit out straight with his pre-historic stone-axe. Windthorst, the Thersites of the House, attacked Prince Bismarck as "the great destroyer," as the "originator of periodical massacres;" but for all that avowed that he did not care for the overthrow of the Ministry—"seeing that there was no Conservative party in Prussia or in the German Empire." His (Windthorst's) want of confidence in Governments "merely referred to Church policy;" and as any Liberal successors of Bismarck would act even more severely in matters of the Church, the leader of the Ultramontanes is loth to proceed to a decisive assault. M. Richter, a prominent Radical, took the National Liberals to task for their want of energy. The upshot of the two days' debate was, that the motion of Virchow and Haenel only rallied the votes of the Progressists, and of the few Poles who are actuated less by Liberal than by Seces-

sionist and Catholic considerations. Though Windthorst's party did not support the Progressists, the latter, nevertheless, rose afterwards in favour of the Ministerial Organisation and Responsibility Bill, which the Ultramontane leader had proposed. On their part, the National Liberals—albeit their chief leader, M. Lasker, strongly criticised the Speech from the Throne—voted with Government, and thus prevented matters coming to a head. Upon the whole, it may be said that a warning has been given to Prince Bismarck. The spirit of Liberal opposition is visibly rising.

TROUBLES AT PESHAWUR.

The petty raids with which the Afreedees have been annoying the British districts during the last few months have lately been assuming rather alarming proportions. Towards the end of September, 300 of these wild clansmen attacked the village of Koteyree—almost in sight of a strong English garrison—slaughtered a number of its inhabitants, and walked off with their cattle. On October 14, the Simla correspondent of the *Times* declared his belief in the probability of two little wars—one with the Khan of Khelat, and the other with the tribes surrounding the Peshawur frontier. The Jowaki Afreedees are, and always have been, the most incorrigible among them, whilst they are at the same time the strongest of the hill clans in the neighbourhood of Kohat. It is known also that the Afreedee disturbances, which immediately followed the annexation of the Punjab, were due to the pressure which the stronger Jowakis exercised upon their weaker kinsmen; in fact, a great portion of the frontier history of the last thirty years is only an illustration of the difficulty of discovering the culprits originally responsible for a breach of the peace; hence the necessity for the preliminary inquiry of which the same writer gave notice in his telegram of the 21st. "If it be ascertained that the neighbouring tribes do not sympathise with them, means will be adopted to isolate the Jowakis by a military blockade." The correspondent, in his message published in last Monday's *Times*, records a fresh report, to the effect that on the 21st the Jowakis attacked and plundered another village, that on the following day they were "driven back with loss" from a place near Kohat, but that they avenged themselves within twenty-four hours by lifting all the live stock in Kunmar, and killing and wounding a few villagers and native policemen. The Government, we are next told, "determined to environ the Jowakis with a military blockading force," though our informant, perhaps like most Anglo-Indians, would prefer severer measures. But why? unless we are to suppose, what by the writer's own reasoning the decision of the Government does not warrant us to assume, that there exists an anti-English combination among the clans? He hardly seems to know his own mind on the subject, for instead of telling us what progress the official inquiry may have made, he proceeds to quote, apparently with approbation, the opinion of a Lahore journal—"a great authority on all frontier questions"—that a really effective blockade would mean a "Chinese wall, fully manned for 800 miles."

Still more confusing is the inconsistency between the official and the newspaper accounts of the real state of feeling among the frontier tribes. According to the former the risks of a conflict have been immensely exaggerated, and even the Khan of Khelat acquiesces in his semi-captivity. But this statement can hardly be reconciled with the admitted fact that the Khan has declined to receive any further payment of his monthly stipend. This proceeding on the part of a ruler so well practised in the trick of sticking to his rupees, whilst letting his promises fly to the winds, must have required unusually strong provocation. In the next place, the recent meeting at Peshawur, of four military officers of high rank—including Colonel Colley, secretary to the Viceroy—looks somewhat incompatiable with a rosy view of border politics. The conclusion seems sufficiently plain that the Peshawur frontier is at the present moment in a more unsettled condition than it has been since the Umbeyla campaign in 1863. Nor can the charge of improbability be fairly advanced against any one of the many alarmist rumours current throughout India. Clan combinations, the extraordinary influence of the Akhoond of Swat, intrigues between the Ameer, the Khan, and the hill men, have been the salient characteristics of every chief disturbance in that part of India since the annexation of the Punjab. When General Chamberlain marched into the Bonair mountains in 1863, he found himself confronted by a combination of almost all the clans between Hazara and the Khyber, and the Akhoond—sexagenarian half-monk, half-soldier—was the heart and soul of it. Even Shere Ali's greater predecessor did not disdain to pray for the Akhoond's blessing. And some years ago the Ameer, with a like object in view, either wrote or authorised the publication of a book in defence of certain principles peculiar to the religious chief of Swat, who might most appropriately be named the Caliph of the Frontier. Let it even be granted to the Russophobists, that the Ameer has been in secret communication with the Russians since June last, and that the Russians might probably be insane enough to attempt an "invasion" in concert with the hundred thousand or so armed clansmen who, we are to presume, would forget their blood-feuds in the hope of boundless "loot" in the rich plains of India.

But the argument that we should therefore carry the war into the enemy's country, and become responsible for the maintenance of order there, appears singularly inconsistent. Those who recommend that step are the very persons who attribute the border raids, and the Russo-Cabul-Khelat machinations, to the jealousy and the alarm excited by Lord Lytton's intervention in the Khanate. In other words, they would apply the very treatment which, on their own showing, has been at the bottom of all the mischief. This is political homœopathy with a vengeance. They would not only give the Viceroy a hair of the dog that bit him, but even press a whole lock upon His Excellency's acceptance. Nor is it much to the point to contend that, inasmuch as the frontier clans owe allegiance to nobody, their conquest would not mean "annexation" in the ordinary sense of the word. It would matter little what it meant if the process resulted in the thorough and lasting pacification of the "debateable" territories between Hazara and the sea. The most peace-loving believer in "masterly inactivity" might conscientiously welcome a consummation of that sort. But the annexation would end in nothing of the kind. It would commit us to the vain pursuit of an ever-receding boundary line. Badakhshan, Balkh, Maimene, all the chiefships between Swat and the river Oxus, with Cabul itself, would occupy the place of the Bonairs, Otman Kheyls, Momunds, and Afreedees, and we should be obliged, by the same considerations of logic and practical expediency, to annex them also. The preliminary conquest would also compel the Indian Government to denude India proper of a large portion of her best troops—the Jowaki, for example, would require a more formidable watchman than a *chowkidar* with a long stick and a red *puggree* to look after him. But, in the next place, abundant reasons for abstention from an aggressive policy—for hope in the settlement of the present complications even without the help of very extraordinary means—are apparent in the past history of Anglo-Indian relations with the border tribes. The commotions which lasted for a series of years after the last great advance of the "red line" towards Cabul, and the series of outbreaks which in 1863 led to the greatest and the most stubbornly fought of our little wars, were more formidable than any that we have reason to apprehend in these days; yet each individual collapse was speedy and complete, and the treaties entered upon with the chiefs were, on the whole, very faithfully observed for a long period of time. Clan jealousies will prove as fatal to clan combination now as then, and the Akhoond's influence, though still very great, is much less than it was when, fifteen years ago, he succeeded in raising half the frontier in arms.

At the same time, the raiders must be subjected to prompt and severe punishment. After their exploits of the last four weeks, it is hard to say to what extremities they may proceed if they are not checked in time. When travellers are robbed and murdered in the passes, when English officers are shot at in the course of a morning or evening walk, and 300 Afreedees burn and plunder some half-dozen villages in British territory—when all this is done with impunity, we may well believe the newspaper report (though, all the same, the newspaper could never have acquired actual proof of the fact) that the *jirghas* (councils of "grey-beards") of the different clan sections have sworn over the Koran to wage common war against the infidels. Instead of 300 Afreedees, we may soon hear of 3,000, which is only a small proportion of their full fighting strength, does not exceed the number occasionally mustered by a hostile tribe during the years 1850–55, and amounts to only about a fifth or sixth of the host against which General Chamberlain fought in the campaign to which we have already referred. It is said that an expedition will be sent into the hills about the end of the present month; but the Afreedees can cause a good deal of mischief before that date. When the time comes, no half measures will suffice. The punishment which has answered so well in past years must be inflicted now—a heavy fine in any case, as a condition of future intercourse with British territory; a blockade; or, better still—considering the aggravated character of their offence—the destruction of their strongholds by an expeditionary force. But the longer the operations are postponed the greater the likelihood that the Afreedees may have to submit to all the three.

THE TRAGEDY OF BLANTYRE.

Next to the explosion itself, the most noteworthy incident in connexion with the tragedy at Blantyre is the pathetic eagerness of the miners to recover the bodies of their comrades. Of course this sentimental ambition must appear highly absurd to the people who charged the agitators last autumn with being animated by a sickly humanitarianism, foreign to the people at large, in their denunciation of Turkish atrocities. Yet here, at Blantyre, we find this "people at large" almost breaking out into open revolt because they thought there was a want of proper energy displayed in the recovery of the dead bodies which were not only valueless, but even a cause of expense. Was there ever such an illogical proceeding?

Not only was the eagerness of the miners to recover a couple of hundred disfigured corpses, in itself a piece of foolish sentimentality, but it also showed a want of economic intelligence that is highly discouraging. Economically, those 200 corpses represented, taking a recent estimate of a human labourer's commercial value at 800*l.*, a dead capital of 160,000*l.*, the loss of which fell not on the employers, but upon the widows and children of the victims. And after this bad money, the irresponsible miners wanted to throw good money in the shape of their labour which they were prepared to devote to the recovery of the corpses. Still, from so uneducated a body as the miners, perhaps no more could be expected, but it is certainly surprising to find people whose intellect, intelligence, and position would lead one to expect more discrimination from them, acting quite as illogically and humanitarianly as though they belonged to the very lowest classes, and actually starting, and subscribing to, a relief fund for the benefit of the 100 widows and the 300 children who have been left destitute in consequence of the death of their husbands and fathers and brothers. Hundreds of pounds are being thrown away by people, through some reflex action of the heart paralysing the logical faculties of their brain, and leading them to cast away their gold for a number of people they never heard of before.

Such illogical manifestations cannot be too severely reprehended. There should be a strict separation in matters of business between sentiment and logic. Proceeding from a sound financial basis in the case of the Blantyre explosion, the facts are very simple. Over 200 men descend into a mine to follow their daily task. Shortly afterwards an explosion occurs, which kills the men, wrecks the mine, and buries the corpses to such an extent that all becomes a chaotic mass of mingled *débris* of bodies, shattered limbs, earth, and coal. The explosion was caused by the ignition of fire-damp, and, as fire-damp cannot ignite itself, it necessarily follows that it was ignited by a naked light, a lucifer-match—struck to light a pipe, or an extinguished lamp—or by the firing of a shot in the ordinary course of work. It does not signify in the least which of these causes led to the explosion. In any case neglect on the part of the managers or the inspectors was the cause of the disaster. If it occurred through the striking of a match, the managers are responsible for it, because they should have taken care that no matches were taken into the mine. If it arose from the use of a naked light, the managers or the inspectors who perhaps authorised the use of naked lights, are equally responsible. Which of the two is to blame may perhaps be discovered in the inquiry, though it is not probable. The third alternative is that the explosion was caused by the firing of a shot; and in this case also the managers are responsible.

To all this the managers will object that they cannot lose their time by searching every man before he enters the mine to see whether he has any matches concealed about his person, and that the men themselves would object to having their time lost. To this we reply that the managers must put down their own loss of time and that of the men to the expenses of working the mine. How to avoid superfluous expense is a matter of detail that does not concern us at all. If they choose to take the risk, they may search only such men in whose character they have not complete confidence, but having taken the risk, they must bear the consequences. Then they will object that under certain circumstances, and in certain workings, the use of naked lights is authorised by the Government inspectors. If it is shown that such was the case at Blantyre, then the inspectors are responsible, and with them the Government, which is responsible for the acts of its servants. Finally, if the explosion can be proved to have resulted from the firing of a shot, they will object that the use of shots is not prohibited, provided due care be exhibited, and that in this especial case at Blantyre there was no danger apprehended, as the mine had been, and was at the time, free from gas. To this we reply that had there been no danger, no explosion would have occurred. Here the managers at once retort that they cannot see through six feet of coal, and tell what is on the other side of the working, where there may possibly be thousands of cubic feet of gas ready to rush forth upon the workers. Quite true; and we do not expect them to see through six feet of coal. But we do expect them to see that if it is impossible to tell when danger may be apprehended from the firing of a shot, it is quite possible to reduce that danger to *nil* by not using shots at all. To this comes the wonderfully ready reply of the managers that this would much increase the expense of working, and consequently the cost of the coal. Our answer is, that the humanitarians would gladly pay an extra fraction per ton, but even were they to object to this it would not lessen the responsibility of the managers. We also meet the managers' objections with the reply that, if they insist on using shots, they should do as is done in many mines, notably on the Continent, and after having prepared the shot, withdraw the men, and fire it by electricity.

Thus, no matter how the inquiry turns out, the managers and proprietors are clearly as responsible for the explosion as though they had wittingly let the gas into the mine, and sent a man forward with a naked light to set fire to it. That was what was practically done. Being then responsible for the explosion—which in no way resembles an accident—they should also be held responsible for the damages done. In this case they have annihilated a capital of 160,000*l.* belonging

to 100 families. In equity therefore they are bound to make this loss good to the sufferers; and we are not at all sure but that they are also bound in law so to do. Still it is clear that the payment of so large a sum would signify ruin to the proprietors, besides which it would not be wise to place a large sum in the hands of the relicts all at once. But it is clearly the duty of the proprietors to pay the families, who have lost their income by their negligence, the interest on this capital of 160,000*l.* at, say, 5 per cent., until the capital has been paid off by the interest. Assuming 800*l.* to be the capitalised value of a miner, 40*l.* per annum—the interest of 800*l.* at 5 per cent.—ought to be paid to those who depended upon this miner for their support, during life, or a period of twenty years. Even so the company, or proprietors, will really be the gainers when their liabilities are measured by their responsibility, for, properly speaking, they are liable for the loss of 200 miners, which makes 8,000*l.* per annum instead of 4,000*l.* But, as many of the victims were probably single men, they may not have had anyone depending upon them, and thus reduce the liabilities of the proprietors.

Whether this may not be law as well as equity is a question we recommend for inquiry. It is certain that it ought to be law, and it is morally certain that, if it were law, such tragedies as that of Blantyre would speedily cease to occur. The prospect of heavy damages would act as a far greater incentive to precaution than scientific theories about the state of the atmosphere influencing the accumulation or the liberation of gases, which, if established, as they seem to be, only prove all the more that at certain seasons of the year greater precautions than ever are necessary, and the neglect of these precautions proportionately criminal.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE COMPETITION.

The advantages of Lord Salisbury's new regulations for the Indian Competition do not become apparent as teachers and parents consider practically the ways and means of complying with them. Comparatively few people are affected by them, but among these there are signs of a strong agitation for a return to something like the old system. Even the masters of the Public Schools, in whose sole and exclusive interest the scheme has been framed, without the slightest regard to the public service, are said to be far from satisfied. The only persons immediately concerned who view the new arrangement with indifference tempered by secret joy are those very "crammers" against whose existence Lord Salisbury and the Public School authorities have conspired. These gentlemen are glad, because they know that, whatever be the subjects of examination, they need not fear being unable to compete successfully with the Public Schools. Their so-called "cramming"—as Lord Salisbury will discover, the more tricks he plays with the list of subjects—consists simply in superior teaching. They have facilities which the Public Schools have not for arriving by a process of trial and rejection at the very best teachers that can be had in any given subject, and they have the stimulus of personal profit, the direct spur of the struggle for existence, to make them use these facilities to the utmost. Reading between the lines of the new regulations, it appears that Lord Salisbury's object is to make the Indian Civil Service Competition an incident in the educational career of the Public School boy on his passage from school to University. The Indian Service appointments are to lie in his way as College Scholarships and Exhibitions do; he is to take a "shot" at them in passing, and, if he misses, he can try for a scholarship, or go on to the University at his own charges without losing step. The even tenor of Public School studies is not to be appreciably disturbed by special preparation for this competition; its subjects are to be assimilated to the subjects taught at the Public Schools.

A glance at the provisions of the new scheme is sufficient to show its drift. In the first place, and this is the apparent starting-point of all the changes, the latest age at which candidates may enter the competition is reduced from twenty-one to nineteen—that is, the age at which boys generally pass from school to University. The reason given by Lord Salisbury for this is, that "out of the number who present themselves for competition, it is certain that four-fifths must fail, because the candidates are usually more than five times as numerous as the vacancies," and "some professions are absolutely closed, others are almost impossible, to a man who thinks for the first time of entering them at the age of twenty-one." It is nominally in the interest of the candidates that Lord Salisbury fixes the age at nineteen. Now this is a consideration with which the State has nothing to do. It might with as much justification interfere to prevent boys from entering a merchant's office after a certain age. The State has only to consider the interests of the public service. Of course it is open to be said that with the limit at twenty-one the best boys went into other professions rather than run the risk of ultimate failure in the Indian competition. But can it be said with any plausibility? It is a notorious fact that the best batch of competition wallahs ever sent out to India was the first, when the limit of age was twenty-four. There was then plenty of talent knocking about, which the professions had not absorbed. There are always plenty of able men who have not fixed upon their profession at twenty-one, even if it is the case, which may strongly be doubted, that the professions in any way cognate to the Civil Service of India are practically closed to young men beyond that age. Considering the duties to which civil servants are put immediately on their arrival in India, an extension of the superior limit of age would seem to be more reasonable than a reduction.

Apart, in some degree, from the question of the age of the candidates, is the question of the subjects of the competitive examination. The new list of subjects shows a desire to work in concert with the Public Schools, a proper enough desire so far, but only in so far as the subjects there taught are of a kind to furnish a test of the competence of the civil servants for their work. The clearest way of showing the changes which Lord Salisbury has introduced will be to put the new list and the old side by side:—

Old List.		*New List.*	
Latin	750		800
Greek	750	(*Literature and*	600
French	375	*History no*	500
German	375	*longer required.*)	500
Italian	375		400
English Composition	500	(*No deduction*)	300
„ Literature	500		300
„ History	500		300
Mathematics	1250	(*No deduction*)	1000
Moral Sciences	500	Logic	300
		New Subject.	
		Political Economy	300
Natural Science: that is, (1) Chemistry, including Heat; (2) Electricity and Magnetism; (3) Geology and Mineralogy; (4) Zoology; (5) Botany (*Total might be made in two branches.*)	1000	Chemistry	500
		Electricity and Magnetism	300
		Heat and Light	300
		Mechanical Philosophy and Astronomy	300
Arabic, Sanskrit	as before.		

The changes, with one erratic exception, the prominence given to Chemistry—due, it is supposed, to Lord Salisbury's own attachment to that science—are all in one direction, the direction of the subjects taught at Public Schools. Perhaps it would be more correct to say the subjects taught there before the establishment of the Indian Service Competition, for there can be no doubt that this competition has had a powerful influence on teachers in our Public Schools, forcing them to give more attention to the history and literature of classical and foreign languages, and almost creating the study of English as a distinct school subject. The influence of the Indian Competition in promoting these new studies was for good, and Lord Salisbury's retro-

grade movement, which must tend to cut them out of the Public School curriculum just as they are beginning to be organised, is much to be regretted for the sake of the efficiency of the Schools themselves. But what of the value of the new list as supplying a test of competence for the work of Indian administration? On this point there is an important article by Professor Bain in the November number of the *Contemporary Review*, the reprint of an address at the late Social Science Congress, which we noticed at the time. Professor Bain's opinion in this matter carries some weight, seeing that he is known all over Europe as one of the greatest psychologists which this or any other generation has produced. And his opinion is precisely what might be expected by plain people less skilled in the analysis of intellectual operations, namely, that proficiency in languages can serve only as a test of "the commonest kind of memory." Instead of making grammar and translation the staple of the competition for administrative appointments, Professor Bain would exclude them altogether, and only require from the candidate a sufficient pass in such languages as he might have to use in the discharge of his duties. And surely a knowledge of history and literature, especially modern history and literature, is of more use to a civil servant in India, and implies a much higher degree of culture, than proficiency in construing Latin and Greek. A boy may be most expert in this mechanical process, and yet not have a particle of aptitude for managing public affairs. It is impossible to discover his administrative talents by such means. And it is far from being equally impossible to detect the requisite talent through examination papers on less mechanical subjects. A competent examiner is able to arrive at very shrewd conclusions concerning a boy's aptitude by the way in which he arranges and expresses facts, and by the points on which he seizes in a historical question. Even if the examination were purely historical and literary, you could tell from a candidate's answers in what direction his tastes and powers lie. Yet Lord Salisbury, in deference to the old routine of Public Schools, has excluded history and literature from the competition. In smaller details he shows the same purpose to make Latin and Greek construction the staple subjects. Former authorities at the India Office tried to discourage smatterings of subjects by declining to give the candidate any marks unless he reached a certain figure. A deduction of so much was made from the candidate's marks in each branch. Lord Salisbury has abolished this deduction in the case of English Composition and Mathematics, so that a boy may now go in and eke out his total by a smattering in these subjects of which every schoolboy is supposed to know something, and trust in the main to Latin and Greek.

The omission of Botany, Geology, and Zoology from the list, subjects which could hardly fail to be specially useful to an Indian civil servant, apart from their importance as elements of general culture, is another extraordinary feature in Lord Salisbury's new scheme. It is difficult also to see why Mental and Moral Philosophy should be debarred. It is to be hoped, however, that he will make all haste to repent, and replace his new regulations in the limbo from which they should never have emerged. Already there are signs that the scheme is a failure as a concession to the Public Schools. Parents still have faith in special preparation, whatever the subjects may be; and the effect of reducing the age has simply been that those who are anxious that their sons should get an Indian appointment are withdrawing them earlier from school, and putting them under the care of the foolishly abused "crammers."

JUDICIAL AMENITIES.

It is said that there is something contagious about a horse and a ship, which infects almost everyone connected with them, and "raises an equity" against horse-dealers and shipowners which it requires exceptional probity to remove. Some touch of an equally mysterious property seems to have fallen on ecclesiastical law, so that it is impossible to regard a man who differs from you about vestments, or incense, or those queer little images abhorred by Lord Penzance, as otherwise than a moral delinquent. The *dernier ressort* of controversial grammarians has happily been rendered impossible by the conditions of modern society, but the deliberate falsification of documents is one of the lighter charges brought by Dr. Littledale against the members of a Court whose decision does not commend itself to his historical conscience. The *Church Times* has attacked the Judicial Committee in language which, as Lord Beaconsfield once solemnly said in the House of Commons of certain radical writers, "probably subjects it to the penalties of a *præmunire*," and eminent noblemen petition their sovereign in a style which in the days of the Tudors would have brought them to the Tower, if not to the block. Such little incidents scarcely ruffle the calm of these degenerate days, and the utmost that can be said of them is that, in the words of Gibbon, they "cause much scandal to the Church, and some amusement to the profane laity." But amid this war of words and strife of pens we fondly hoped that there was one illustrious body which the storms of the outer world were powerless to reach, and that the judicial ermine covered minds as celestial and emotions as subdued as in the days when theological rancour was less prevalent among us.

But, alas for venerable delusions and popular misconceptions. The *Times* of last Monday published a correspondence which removed the veil from the eyes of an astonished public, and displayed an eminent Judge in a state of unmistakable excitement. But this was not all. We might perhaps have survived the discovery that Puisnes were subject to mortal weaknesses. Here, however, was the Lord Chief Baron, the Nestor of the Bench, applying to a judgment pronounced nominally by himself and nine colleagues, really, as it seems, by seven of them, language, the exact nature of which does not transpire, but which is admitted to have been a little warm. As the depositary of this expression of opinion his Lordship selected a curious confidant. The proverbial discretion of the clergy, and the peculiar moderation and courtesy with which they have commented upon the Folkestone judgment, naturally suggested to a person of the Lord Chief Baron's experience that the fittest recipient of his opinion on the decision that condemned Mr. Ridsdale was a Sheriff's chaplain on the North Wales Circuit. Accordingly, Mr. Ellis, vicar of Llanfairfechan, was favoured with the information that a considered opinion pronounced by the highest Court of ecclesiastical appeal was "founded not on law, but on policy." Mr. Ellis says he was also told that the judgment was "iniquitous," but this the Lord Chief Baron denies. Mr. Ellis must be a clergyman of more than ordinary caution, for he kept this precious piece of knowledge to himself for more than two months after the Assizes were over. Then, however, his sorely-tried continence appears to have succumbed, for he communicated what he had been told to a well-known organ of the High Church party, and thence it was copied into the leading journal, and became public property. Then the Lord Chief Baron seems to have felt that he had put his foot in it; and thinking apparently that a Judge in a fix could not do better than write to the Lord Chancellor, he communicated to that exalted functionary his artless and moving tale. He had not said that the judgment was "iniquitous," and he had not given Mr. Ellis leave, as that gentleman said he had, to publish his opinion. But he might "at the dinner-table," or "in a carriage drive," have divulged his dissent from the opinion of his colleagues; and as the case was an ecclesiastical one, it was of course inevitable that he should impute to them motives of a discreditable character, such as that, while professing to declare the law, they were really giving their own views of what was politic and convenient. The dinner-table has long been recognised as a place where exceptional license of speech may be expected, but it might perhaps be a dangerous precedent if the same privilege were accorded to

a "carriage drive," which is not, one would have thought, likely to cause any undue excitement. It is not improbable that the Lord Chancellor received this letter with some degree of satisfaction. For if he had not received it, he could hardly have administered the formal rebuke contained in his reply. The Lord Chancellor's soul delights in submission to precedents and observance of etiquette, and he points out, with demure and frigid complacency, that his correspondent has not only set at naught the received customs of Privy Councillors, but has actually violated a rule of 1627. If the "intelligent foreigner" is not impressed with this, it must be because he is not sufficiently intelligent to read the correspondence. The Lord Chief Baron's reply closes this amœbæan dialogue, though we hope in the interests of high comedy that it does not "terminate the incident," as Lord Derby would say. It seems to the Lord Chief Baron that it is beyond the powers of human endurance to retain "to the end of one's life and in the bosom of one's family" the secret of what passes in that dingy first-floor in Downing Street, where the subtleties of Anglican theology are submitted to the deliberations of an extremely secular tribunal. No doubt it must be very hard. How the wife of one's choice and the daughters of one's necessity must pant to know Lord Selborne's last on vestments, or what Lord Justice James actually thinks about candles! But it really won't do. We must think of the ordinance of 1627, and try not to envy too much the happy Judges who were allowed by their colleagues the privilege of a simple protest in public, and unlimited garrulity in private. This pathetic apology from the Lord Chief Baron, together with the Lord Chancellor's confident appeal to the wisdom of the Star Chamber, suggest a little question which might as well be answered, and bring us to the precincts of a large question which may for the present be left alone. The large question is, Why should secular tribunals be longer encumbered with questions of little interest to the general public, which all religious bodies except one arrange for themselves? The small question is, What, apart from "ordinances of 1627," prevents the minority of the Judicial Committee from expressing their opinions with the freedom which would be accorded them in any other Court? If real secresy could be maintained, the clergy would say that there was only a majority of one against them, and that the judgment of the minority would, if published, have commanded the assent of all unprejudiced minds.

As it is, secresy cannot be maintained, and it has been known for months that Sir Robert Phillimore and Sir Richard Amphlett agreed with the Lord Chief Baron in his dissent from the judgment which the Lord Chancellor pronounced. But the Ritualists can, of course, say that the arguments of these three would have been convincing, and nobody can contradict them. A spurious appearance of unanimity is dearly purchased at the expense of what looks like a suppression of opinion, and it is pretty generally acknowledged by this time that an ounce of official opposition is worth a pound of argumentative power. This is perhaps the only serious lesson to be derived from an entertaining example of senile enthusiasm and (comparatively) juvenile pedantry.

THE SHAKERS IN THE NEW FOREST.

In the good old days, when Lymington was the centre of the salt trade, and when its fair was looked forward to, not only for its fun, but for its cheeses; when you could go into the New Forest and see Rufus' Oak instead of the stone that now marks the spot—the place was not a bad one. In those days the sea was wont to rush along the reedy marsh right up to Boldre Bridge; you could wander through Bucklands without fear of surly gamekeepers, and dream of Cæsar's time; no staring obelisk met the view on the opposite hill where the Burrards have their home; Lymington river was not choked with mud—and the borough was rotten. But now Salterns is an arid desert—something like Salt Lake before the Mormons got there; the fair is commonplace and dusty; and the most noteworthy fact in connexion with the Forest is that the Shakers live in it. The sea now stops short at the railway station; there is a muddy waste at low water between Lymington and the blue waters of the Solent; Cæsar's camp is covered with coops, where pheasants and partridges are reared; and the borough is fast getting radical. A change from the olden days—progress in one direction, retrogression in another.

On revisiting the place you are naturally curious to go and inspect its newest feature, a choice and chosen people holding the sweet belief that they are the elect of heaven, free from all stain of sin, past, present, and to come. This happy brotherhood lives apart from fellow-men with their wives and their families, professes celibacy and the ascetic life, and, unlike the rest of the world, brings the divinity to it instead of going to the divinity. In the early days of their conversion, they lived in dwelling-houses built by sinners; but in these their strange rites exposed them to mockery and persecution. Since their first misfortunes, they have led more or less a vagrant life, but have now finally camped in a remote region of the New Forest. But even here—removed as they are from the incredulous and mocking world—they have not been left unmolested, but have had a varied experience of the ups and downs inseparable from this earthly life. When, after having been ejected from their new home, they were left exposed to the "icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter wind," their pitiable condition excited the generous aid and sympathy of the magnates of Hampshire; now that they are again fairly prosperous and settled, their tenets excite common curiosity. Their High Priest and Priestess have been *fêted* in noble mansions; and though on one of these occasions, the former, a grey-haired ancient, with flowing beard, was, by the inopportune overturning of a salad-bowl, miraculously transformed into Father Christmas, this is yet a time they look back upon with some satisfaction. Again, although a rich convert from the Isle of Wight, after having spent several hundred pounds upon them, went back to his island home and preached violently against their doctrines and mode of life, still, as they say, they converted him. The days pass more evenly with them now. At work during the week at their various trades, the Sabbath is at once their gala-day and feast. Drags from Southampton and Bournemouth, more modest vehicles from the neighbouring villages, all freighted with infidels, continually arrive, testifying to the general interest. Indeed, the parsons say that these peculiar people cause more Sabbath-breaking than Satan himself. And if it be asked, What come they here for to see? it may be most emphatically answered, not the New Forest but the Shakers.

Arrived at their encampment, you make your way through an avenue of booths to the chapel. At the porch you are greeted smilingly by a tall and venerable man, no less a personage than the High Priest—and hero of the salad bowl. Upon entering the chapel at his bidding, you are greatly surprised at the general aspect of things, for in this, as in all first experiences, your imaginings are terribly at variance with confronted reality. The chapel, though devoid of the dim religious light of orthodoxy, has here and there patches of coloured glass in most of its large windows. It is more or less decently fitted up, though not altogether in the divine way, perhaps; for in front of the daïs, on which are crowded the young hopefuls of Shakerland, are pots and pans and all the paraphernalia of modern cookery. Clothed in white, and seated round a long table littered with Bibles and blue paper, are the High Priestess and her chosen virgins, for all the world looking like a board of infallible examiners. The young maidens, with greasy aureoles of corkscrew curls, form a strange contrast to their hard-featured chief, who, with her skinny finger on the sacred page, expounds the truth of the gospel, after the manner of Shakers, to the ninety elect and the visiting infidels ranged in front of her. Fixing a gimlet-eye on her con-

gregation, she tells them that they must come as believers—for who are they that they should judge? She then reveals the astonishing fact that God has taken up his abode in her and her people; that her words are His words; that sin is not with them; that she is expecting the advent of Christ at any moment; and all this with much emphasis, and in a broad Suffolk brogue. With an impartiality and show of candour which can only result from the conviction that her position is impregnable, she then invites a free discussion, whereupon a white-haired old farmer, with a merry eye and laughing teeth, attempts to tackle her. But he soon finds that argument with the woman is a losing game; for, whenever she finds herself defeated, she takes refuge in perjury, shifting as often as a sandbank.

After disputation comes worship. When the High Priestess has fairly or unfairly put down all cavillers, and paused a moment to enjoy her victory, she suddenly raises her voice in a triumphant incantation, and forthwith from one corner of the room there comes a sound as of someone fainting; hard breathing, then a low moan, and a wrinkled old woman, with lean, yellow arms, totters forward into the centre of the room. With her eyes closed, and her withered face tucked in between her shoulders, she begins a feeble dance, crying spasmodically, "Praise be to God! Praise be to God!" while the others murmur "Amen!" and a young Shaker with a scrubby beard, and a certain look of the convict about him, pats her encouragingly on the back. At sight of the old crone's ecstasy, others are affected, and many of the chosen in white start up from their places, recklessly kicking chairs and table to right and left till they gain the centre of the room, where they improvise movements not unlike those of a pony in pound, their arms outstretched as though expecting the descent of some heavenly lover. At last the magic circle is full of these modern Bayaderes, and the eyes of all being ecstatically sealed, a good deal of rough encounter takes place. The dance seems in some cases to be the result of genuine ecstasy, in others to be cautious simulation, their movements suggesting the idea of a group of heavenly convicts at work upon some divine treadmill. The mystery is how they keep it up so long, and you cannot help wondering whether the time will ever arrive when, like Pete Jones in 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster,' they will feel "consid'rably shuk-up like."

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

THE DISCLOSURE.

"Lady Sylvia," said Queen T., going up to her friend, whom she found seated alone in her room in this Omaha hotel, "I am going to surprise you."

"Indeed," said the other, with a pleasant smile; for she did not notice the slightly trembling hands, and most of Queen T.'s surprises for her friends were merely presents.

"I—hope I shall not frighten you," she continued, with some hesitation; "you must prepare yourself for—for rather bad news——"

She caught sight of the newspaper. She sprung to her feet.

"My husband!" she cried, with a suddenly white face. But her friend caught her hands.

"He is quite well—don't be alarmed—it is only a—a misfortune."

And therewith she put the paper into her hand, with an indication as to where she should look, while she herself turned aside somewhat. There was silence for a second or two. Then she fancied she heard a low murmur—a moan of infinite tenderness, and pity, and longing—"*My husband! My husband!*" and then there was a slight touch on her arm. When she turned, Lady Sylvia was standing quite calmly there, with her eyes cast down. Her face was a little pale, that was all.

"I think I will go back to England now," said she, gently.

And with that, of course, her friend began to cry a bit, and it was with a great deal of difficulty and of resolute will that she proceeded to speak at all. And then she bravely declared that if Lady Sylvia insisted on setting out at once, she would accompany her; and it needed equal bravery to admit what she had done—that she had written to Mr. Balfour, begging him to let us know what his plans were, and that she had told him where he might telegraph——

"The telegraph!" cried Lady Sylvia, with a quick light of joy leaping to her eyes. "I can send him a message now! He will have it this very day! I will go at once!"

"Yes, there is the telegraph," stammered her friend, "and there is an office below in the hall of the hotel. But—don't you think—it might be awkward—sending a message that the clerks will read——"

Lady Sylvia seized her friend's hands, and kissed her on both cheeks, and hurried out of the room and down stairs. The elder woman was rather taken back. Why should she be so warmly thanked for the existence of the telegraph, and for the fact that Mr. Balfour, M.P., was ruined?

Lady Sylvia went down-stairs, and in the hall she found the telegraphic office. She was not afraid of any clerk of woman born. She got a pencil, and the proper form, and clearly and firmly, after she had put in the address, she wrote beneath—"*My darling husband, May I come to you?*" She handed the paper to the clerk, and calmly waited until he had read it through, and told her what to pay. Then she gave him the necessary dollars, and turned and walked through the hall, and came up the stairs, proud and erect—as proud, indeed, as if she had just won the battle of Waterloo.

And she was quite frank and fearless in speaking about this failure; and treated it as if it were an ordinary and trivial matter that could be put right in a few minutes. Her husband—she informed Mr. Von Rosen, who was greatly distressed by the news, and was consoling with her very sincerely—was quite capable of holding his own in the world without any help from his father's business. No doubt it would alter their plans of living; but Mr. Balfour was not at all the sort of man likely to let circumstances overpower him. And would it please us to set out at once on our inspection of Omaha; for she would like to get a glimpse of the Missouri; and there was the possibility that she might have to start off for England that night.

"*Nee!*" cried the lieutenant, in indignant protest. "It is impossible! Now that you have only the few days more to go on—and then your friends to go back——"

Here one of the party intimated her wish—or rather, her fixed intention—of accompanying Lady Sylvia.

"Oh no!" our guest said, with quite a cheerful smile. "I am not at all afraid of travelling alone—not in the least. I have seen a great deal of how people have to help themselves, since I left England. And that is not much hardship. I believe one can go right through from here to New York; and then I can go to the Brevoort House, which seemed the quietest of the hotels, and wait for the first steamer leaving for Liverpool. I am not in the least afraid."

* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

Our Bell looked at her husband. That look was enough; he knew his fate was sealed. If Lady Sylvia should set out that evening, he knew he would have to accompany her as far as New York anyhow.

I think she quite charmed the hearts of the kind friends who had come to show us about the place. The truth was that the recent heavy rains had changed Omaha into a Slough of Despond; and the huge holes of mud in the unmade streets were bridged over by planks of wood that were of the most uncertain character; but she seemed rather to like this way of laying out streets. Then we climbed up to the heights above the town on which is built the High School—a handsome building of red brick; and she betrayed the greatest interest in the system of education followed here, and listened to the catechising of the children by the smartly dressed and self-composed young ladies who were their teachers, just as if she understood all about cosines and angles of reflection. And when we clambered up to the tower of this building, she was quite delighted with the spacious panorama spread out all around. Far over there was a mighty valley—a broad plain between two long lines of bluffs—which was no doubt in former times worn down by the Missouri; and now this plain, we could see, was scored along by various channels, one of them, a little darker in hue than the neighbouring sand, being the yellow Missouri itself. We were rather disappointed with the mighty Missouri, which we expected to find rolling down in grandeur to the sea—or rather, to the Mississippi, if the poet will allow us to make the correction. We considered that even the name they give it out here, the Big Muddy, was misapplied; for it did not seem broader than the Thames at Richmond, while the mud-banks and sand-banks on both sides of it were of the dreariest sort. But she would not hear a word said against the noble river. No doubt at other times of the year it had sufficient volume; and even now was there not something mysterious in this almost indistinguishable river rolling down through that vast, lonely, and apparently uninhabited plain? As for Omaha, it looked as bright as blue skies and sunshine could make it. All around us were the wooden shanties, and the occasional houses of stone, dotted about in a promiscuous fashion—out there on the green undulations where the prairie began; on the sides of the bluffs where the trees were; and along the level mud-bed of the river, where the railway-works and smelting-works were sending up a cloud of smoke into the still clear air. We visited these works. She listened with great interest to the explanations of the courteous officials; and struck up a warm friendship with a civil engineer at the railway-works, doubtless because he spoke with a Scotch accent. But, after all, we could see she was becoming anxious and nervous; and rather before mid-day we proposed to return to the hotel for luncheon.

Four hours had elapsed.

"But you must not make sure of finding an answer awaiting you, my dear Lady Sylvia," said her ever thoughtful friend. "There may be delays. And Mr. Balfour may be out of town."

All the same she did make sure of an answer; and when, on arriving at the hotel, she was informed that no telegram had come for her, she suddenly went away to her own room, and we did not see her for some little time. When she did make her appearance at lunch, we did not look at her eyes.

She would not go out with us for our further explorations. She had a headache. She would lie down. And so she went away to her own room.

But the curious thing was that Queen T. would not accompany us either. It was only afterwards that we learned that she had kept fluttering about the hall, bothering the patient clerks with inquiries as to the time that a telegram took to reach London. At last it came, and it was given to her. We may suppose that she carried it up-stairs quickly enough—and with a beating heart. What happened in the room she only revealed subsequently, bit by bit, for her voice was never quite steady about it.

She went into the room gently. Lady Sylvia was seated at a table, her hands on the table, her head resting on them; and she was sobbing bitterly. She was deserted, insulted, forsaken. He would not even acknowledge the appeal she had made to him. But she started up when she heard someone behind her; and would have pretended to conceal her tears—but that she saw the telegram. With trembling fingers she opened it—threw a hasty glance at it—and then with a strange, proud look, gave it back to her friend, who was so anxious and excited that she could scarcely read the words—"*No. I am coming to you.*" And at the same moment all Lady Sylvia's fortitude broke down, and she gave way to a passion of hysterical joy—throwing her arms round her friend's neck, and crying over her, and murmuring close to her, "Oh, my angel—my angel—my angel—you have saved to me all that was worth living for!" So much can imaginative people make out of a brief telegram.

The two women seemed quite mad when we returned.

"He is coming out! Mr. Balfour is coming to join us!" says Queen T., with a wild fire of exultation in her face, as if the millennium were at hand; and Lady Sylvia was sitting there, proud enough, too, but rosy-red in the face, and with averted eyes.

And here occurred a thing which has always been a memorable puzzle to us.

"Ha!" cried the lieutenant in the midst of an excitement which the women in vain endeavoured to conceal, "that rifle! Does he remember that wonderful small rifle of his? It will be of such use to him in the Rocky Mountains. I think—yes, I think—it is worth a telegram."

And he went down-stairs to squander his money in that fashion. But, we asked ourselves afterwards, did he know? Had he and his wife suspected? Had they discussed the affairs of Lady Sylvia and her husband in those quiet conjugal talks of which the outsider can never guess the purport? And had this young man, with all his bluntness and good-natured common-sense, and happy matter-of-fact-ness, suddenly seized the dramatic situation, and called aloud about this twopenny-halfpenny business of a pea-shooter all to convince Lady Sylvia of the general ignorance, and put her at her ease? He came up a few moments afterwards, whistling.

"There is antelope," said he, seriously, "and the mountain-sheep; and the black-tailed deer; and the bear. Oh, he will have much amusement with us when he comes to Idaho."

"You forget," says Lady Sylvia, smiling, though her eyes were quite wet, "that he will be thinking of other things. He has got to find out how he has got to live first."

"How he has got to live?" said the lieutenant, with a shrug of his shoulders. "That is simple. That is easy. Any man can settle that. He has got to live—happy: and let things take their chance. What harm in a holiday; if he comes with me to shoot one or two bears?"

"Indeed you will do nothing of the kind," said his wife, severely: she had too much regard for her babes to let the father of them go off endangering his life in that fashion.

That was a pleasant evening. Our friends came to dine with us; and we settled all our plans for our expedition to the Indian Reservations lying far up the Missouri valley. And who was first down in the morning; and who was most de-

lighted with the clear coolness of the air and the blue skies; and who was most cheerful and philosophical when we discovered, at the station, and when it was too late, that the carpet-bag we had stuffed with wine, beer, and brandy for our stay in these temperate climes had been left behind at the hotel?

The small branch line of railway took us only about forty miles on our way. We went up the immensely broad valley of the river which was at this time only a rivulet. The valley was a plain of rich vegetation—long water-colour washes of yellow, and russet, and olive-green. The further side of it was bounded by a distant line of bluffs, bright blue in colour. Close by us were the corresponding bluffs, broken with ravines which were filled with cotton-trees, and which opened out into a thick underwood of sun-flowers ten feet high and of deep-hued sumach. Overhead a pale blue sky, and some white clouds. Then, as we are looking up into the light, we see an immense flock of wild geese making up the stream, divided into two lines representing the letter V placed horizontally, but more resembling a handful of dust flung high into the air.

About mid-day we reached the terminus of the line, Tekamah, a collection of wooden shanties and houses with a few cotton-trees about. We had luncheon in a curious little inn which had originally been a block-house against the Indians—that is to say, it had been composed of sawn trees driven into the earth, with no windows on the ground-floor. By the time we had finished luncheon our two carriages were ready—high-springed vehicles with an awning, and each with a moderately good pair of horses. We set out for our halting place, Decatur, sixteen miles off.

That drive up the bed of the Missouri we shall not soon forget. There was no made road at all, but only a worn track through the dense vegetation of this swampy plain, while ever and anon this track was barred across by ravines of rich deep, black, succulent mud. It was no unusual thing for us to see first one horse and then its companion almost disappear into a hole, we looking down on them; then there would be a fierce struggle, a plunge on our part, and then we were looking up at the horses pawing the bank above us. How the springs held out we could not understand. But occasionally, to avoid these ruts, we made long detours through the adjacent prairie-land lying over the bluffs; and certainly this was much pleasanter. We went through a wilderness of flowers; and the scent of the trampled mayweed filled all the air around us. How English horses would have behaved in this wilderness was a problem. The sun-flowers were higher than our animals' heads; they could not possibly see where they were going; but all the same they slowly ploughed their way through the forest of crackling stems. But before we reached Decatur, we had to return to the mud-swamp, which was here worse than ever; for now it appeared as if there were a series of rivers running at right angles to the broad black track, and our two vehicles kept plunging through the water and mud as if we were momentarily to be sucked down into a morass. The air was thick with insect-life; and vast clouds of reed-birds rose, as we passed, from the sun-flowers. There was a red fire all over the West as we finally drove into the valley of the Decatur.

It was a strange-looking place. The first objects that met our eyes were some Indian boys riding away home to the Reservations on their ponies, and looking picturesque enough with their ragged and scarlet pantaloons, their open-breasted shirt, their swarthy face and shining black hair, and their arms swinging with the galloping of the ponies, though they stuck to the saddle like a leech. And these were strange-looking gentlemen, too, whom we met in the inn of Decatur—tall, swanking fellows, with big riding-boots and loose jackets, broad-shouldered, spare-built, unwashed, unshaven, but civil enough, though they set their broad-brimmed hats with a devil-may-care air on the side of their head. We had dinner with these gentlemen in the parlour of the inn. There were two dishes—from which each helped himself with his fingers—of some sort of dried flesh which the lieutenant declared to be pelican of the wilderness; and there were prunes, and tea. We feared our friends were shy; for they did not speak at all before our women-folk. In a few minutes they disposed of their meal, and went out to a bench in front of the house to smoke. Then the lieutenant—so as not to shock these temperate people—produced one of several bottles of Catawba which he had procured at some wayside station before we left the railway. In appearance, when poured out, it was rather like tea, though not at all so clear; and, in fact, the taste was so unlike anything we had ever met before, that we unanimously pronounced in favour of the tea. But the lieutenant would try another bottle; and that being a trifle more palatable, we had much pleasure in drinking a toast. And the toast we drank was the safety of the gallant ship that was soon to carry Lady Sylvia's husband across the Atlantic.

LITERATURE.

MR. GARDINER'S CHARLES I.

The Personal Government of Charles I. 1628–1637. By S. R. Gardiner. In Two Volumes. London: Longmans. 1877.

No one who has once begun to read Mr. Gardiner's previous volumes can fail to turn with eager anticipation to each new instalment; and it is not too much to say that in intrinsic interest, as well as in careful workmanship, the two volumes that have just appeared rise even above those which have gone before them. Mr. Gardiner has slowly made good his claim to recognition as one of our most eminent historians, but he deserves a much more emphatic recognition from the public generally than he has yet received. His merits are not those of the brilliant kind that excite attention by clever paradox, by pictorial imagination freely exercised where facts are few, or by alluring generalisations which take the place of accurate knowledge. He rests his claim to attention on the thoroughness and carefulness of his work, on his largeness and openness of mind, his breadth of judgment, and entire mastery of every side of his subject. Mr. Gardiner's works have a more monumental dignity than any historical writing in England since the days of Gibbon.

Mr. Gardiner is a disciple of the great German historian Ranke, so far as regards the principles of his method and of his spirit; but he has not set before himself so ambitious an aim as his master. Ranke with ceaseless energy has turned from one subject to another, and has been anxious to apply his method to as many fields of investigation as possible. Mr. Gardiner has contented himself with the humbler task of patiently elucidating his country's history at the most crucial epoch of its national life. But the objection often raised to Ranke that he sets up diplomatic history as the only history, and disregards the great currents of popular life and opinion, cannot be applied to Mr. Gardiner. If Ranke founded the traditions of a school, Mr. Gardiner has followed those traditions with completeness and success; though he has applied them in a smaller field, he has given them new meaning and a significance and thoroughness of his own.

For nearly twenty years Mr. Gardiner has been engaged on the history of the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and has worked at them with a conscientious thoroughness which leaves its impress on every line he writes. He has imbibed Ranke's spirit of impartiality, which is the leading feature of that great historian; its characteristic is that it does not depend on a judicial

survey of what is to be said on both sides of a case at the great crises of affairs, but it depends upon a sympathy with the characters and motives of the chief actors, and an understanding of the current of popular thought. The patient investigator rises, by the mere force of his labour, above all temptation to partiality. As he advances in his work, the greatness of the issues which unfold themselves before his eyes overwhelm all personal desire for the propagation of his own opinions; if he happen to be graced with any tinge of modesty he dare not speak with contemptuous pity of men who lived in the great world of action while he sits snugly in his study; nor does he find it easy, with full knowledge before him, to make the varied facts of national life point a moral with exact appropriateness. The diligent student of history becomes impartial, not by any judicial effort to give the benefit of the doubt even where doubt is really impossible, but rather by seeing and realising the actual motives that prompted men to action, the principles that led them and guided their doings.

Mr. Gardiner has so patiently and carefully studied the times of which he writes that he moves freely amid their complications. He has weighed every utterance of the statesmen of the day that can be reached; he has ransacked the literature of the age, and has learned to appreciate at their full value the different ideas that then prevailed. He traces sympathetically from within the development of his characters, and shows us their policy in the making. He enters into the position and aims of each, and criticises them by reference to their own selves, and to the means which they had at their command of knowing and judging better. His criterion is not assumed *à priori*, but is developed side by side with the policy and actions which he brings before us. He is a skilful analyst of human motives, but is not misled by the subtlety of analysis to forget the momentous importance of the points at issue. He steers a judicious course between the two methods of historical criticism—one which tends to forget the result of actions in the analysis of the process, and the other which allows all thought of the process to be overmastered by the importance of the final result. Mr. Gardiner inspires us with confidence as few historians do. Petty details or striking features about a historical personage are not allowed to influence his judgment about the character as a whole. He knows his characters, and thinks and feels with them; he shows us the blending of their personal aims with their political motives; he enables us to grow with their growth, and sympathise with them while we condemn them. There is a sense of reserve in all that he writes; though to some his history may seem unduly long, yet we feel that he has much more which he might have said, and that he could bring forth proof, if it were necessary, for every opinion which he puts before us.

It is not every period of history which would repay an elaborate study of the kind which Mr. Gardiner has given. But he is engaged on the great central period of English history, when the question was whether the spirit of England's past development should continue to guide its future, or should give way before new principles which were disguised in old forms. He has laboured at bringing clearly to light the nature of the contending principles before he shows them in actual conflict. In his last two volumes—'England under Charles I. and the Duke of Buckingham'—he showed the disastrous results of a foreign policy which was founded solely on dynastic and not on national considerations. In the two volumes before us he is engaged in tracing the nature of the new system of government which Charles I., aided by Laud and Wentworth, was desirous of introducing in England. He shows us how the system gradually took form before the exigencies of Charles's position, and how the consciousness of it sunk slowly into the popular mind and awoke a determined opposition. It is easy to summarise generally the tendencies at work; but the excellence of Mr. Gardiner lies in the fact that he enables us to enter into the process, and sympathise with the strong points of both parties. Laud and Wentworth are portrayed with the same impartiality as Eliot, Vane, or Prynne; we see how all of them came to be what they were.

On the religious question, which disturbed the reign of Charles I., Mr. Gardiner is especially lucid. He keenly sympathises with the good points of Puritanism, and has done a valuable historical service in clearly exhibiting the great political strength of the Puritan system. Because Puritanism has sufficiently showed us its weaknesses, and vexed us with its unloveliness since then, there is no reason for carrying a perverted judgment into past times. Mr. Gardiner enables us to realise the Puritan as resting on principles which gave him strength to resist because they gave him a sense of personal freedom. The Puritan alone rose above formulæ to realities; his life was founded upon an intimate conviction of his personal relationship with God. The systematic uniformity which Charles, Laud, and Cosin aimed at introducing into the Church tended to make religion a matter of discipline, and to curb man's spiritual aspirations within limits which accorded with the political ideas which the king wished to establish. Puritanism was narrow enough in its way, and its prostration before a logical system of theology had fetters of its own, but it had also a useful protest against the attempt to confine religion within ceremonial forms, however beneficial they might be for their appeal to some of the weaker sides of human nature.

Mr. Gardiner draws out strongly the difference between Charles and his predecessors, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. Charles claimed to be exercising no powers which they had not exercised; but, apart from all questions of constitutional law and usage, there remained the great difference that Henry VIII. and Elizabeth represented the national wish, while Charles did not. They had interfered sometimes in a high-handed way, but they always appeared as moderators between rival parties, while Charles was himself a partisan. There had been no question in former times that the Government of England rested on the co-operation of King and Parliament. In the session of 1629, some of the more far-seeing minds, notably Eliot and Pym, became conscious that this principle was at stake, and that Charles considered himself to be "the sun of the constitutional system, and Parliament only one of the many planets revolving round the throne." When Parliament would not accept this theory, Charles dissolved it—not with the conscious intention of never summoning another, but resolved to exact conditions which no English Parliament would accept. Parliament resisted the king because he was utterly heedless of the course of public opinion. Mr. Gardiner admirably puts the question at issue:—

> Elizabeth had controlled her Parliaments because she embodied public opinion better than they did. Charles would, in the end, be controlled by his Parliaments because they represented that opinion better than he did. He had indeed a work to do to guide that opinion, to prevent it from degenerating into mob-government, either in Parliament or in the streets. It was his misfortune to think it possible to fulfil this duty by placing himself in opposition to the current of contemporary sentiment. He did not appeal to the nation against the House of Commons. He bade the nation to keep silence whilst he moulded it into the shape which seemed best to him.

Mr. Gardiner's object in the volumes before us is to trace this attempt on the part of the king to organise the nation according to his own ideas. He had a fair opportunity of so doing. His government without Parliament did not in itself awake wide-spread opposition. The mass of the people were contented, and did not at first see the issue before them. Eliot died in the Tower, a martyr to his own foresight and firmness. The king wreaked his revenge on him, and the bulk of the nation did not as yet think of defying the king. Charles proceeded to educate the nation, and found in Laud the helper whom he needed. Mr. Gardiner's portrait of Laud is a most masterly piece of analysis. He shows the want of any greatness of conception—of any spiritual contents—in Laud's schemes. He believed solely in

externals; he wished to drill and discipline men into quietness; religion was to him a matter of police; uniformity of worship was the only means he knew of for promoting unity of belief; forms and ceremonies were to be the means of teaching, not the means of expressing, opinions. Laud reverenced the royal power as the means of compelling the observance of those regulations which he deemed necessary. "All the thoughts which had led the great ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages to regard the merely external authority of kings as something infinitely inferior to the spiritual power of the guardians of the divinely appointed faith had no place in his mind. What he wanted was force to carry out his ideas, and that force he found in the king."

Of the same way of thinking, though of far greater intellectual powers and nobler in character, was Wentworth. He also wished to educate the people till it had grown in intelligence to know how to make use of the king's help. In his eyes, Parliament did not represent the nation, and he trusted that the fairness and justice of the royal Government would teach the people where their real protection lay. He set himself to make all men equal in the eyes of the law; and it is one great merit both of Wentworth and Laud that they were no respecters of persons, and were resolved that high place should give no impunity for wrong-doing. Yet Wentworth's intellectual superiority constantly misled him to disregard the means he employed, and confide too entirely in the goodness of his end to justify his actions. He was heedless of men's opinion of him; he was too sanguine of the rapidity with which he could work reforms. Mr. Gardiner points out a noticeable tendency of the age:—

> The sixteenth century had bequeathed to the seventeenth an overweening confidence in the power of Government. . . . It was not easy then to trace out the influence of other causes for the success of Elizabeth than those which she drew from her own high spirit and enlightened judgment. So much had been done by Governmental energy and by Governmental adroitness that everything seemed possible to energy and adroitness. Just as Bacon underestimated the mystery of material nature, when he joyously declared himself to have taken all knowledge for his province, so did Wentworth underestimate the mystery of human nature, when he thought that a few years would enable him to transform ignorance into knowledge and distrust into fidelity. It is true that he was about to accomplish marvels; but he could not accomplish miracles.

Such were the men and such the principles by which England was to be educated up to the king's level. Mr. Gardiner carefully follows their policy till we feel the growing dissatisfaction of the nation page by page as we read. Laud was most indefatigable; he revived the right of the Metropolitan to visit all the bishoprics in his province, and everywhere he strove to introduce the ceremonial reforms which he wished. The Puritan party felt itself being slowly edged out of the Church. Charles and Laud were continually harassing men in some way or another; their very virtues made them more annoying, as nothing was too small for interference. The punctilious regard for legality only increased the irritation, and the political use which Charles made of the Judges convinced Englishmen that the law was being used simply as a means of enforcing the royal commands.

> In the minds of thousands of peaceful, law-abiding men, there grew up an enduring sense of wrong, a fixed belief that, as in the case of ship-money, that was being promulgated as law which was not law, and that under the cloak of providing for decency an effort was being made to bring England back as soon as an opportunity occurred under the Papal yoke. These men might be but a minority amongst the population, but they were an energetic and intelligent minority, and they would soon be reinforced by those who cared little for religious changes, but who on various grounds objected to the payment of ship-money. A combination between those who are in earnest about preserving the accustomed forms of worship, and those who are in earnest about keeping their money in their pockets, is one which no Government can afford to despise.

We cannot hope to do justice in this brief notice to the political wisdom, the profound insight, and the patient study which characterise Mr. Gardiner's pages. He has treated his subject with a philosophic largeness of conception which will secure for his work lasting fame. We feel that this period of English history will never need re-writing, and we feel that Mr. Gardiner's volumes are a worthy memorial both of the age in which he lives and of the period with which he deals.

COPE ON ARISTOTLE'S RHETORIC.

The Rhetoric of Aristotle. With a Commentary by the late Edward Meredith Cope, M.A. Revised and Edited by John Edwin Sandys, M.A. In Three Volumes. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1877.

This long-expected work is at last given to the world, although without the final touches of the author's hand. When Mr. Cope published his 'Introduction to Aristotle's Rhetoric' some ten years ago, he intimated that the present detailed commentary was in progress, and that he looked forward to its speedy completion. The earlier work he rightly regarded as preparatory; it gave a full paraphrase of the contents of the treatise, with especially careful renderings of the more difficult passages; and it exhibited the main divisions and general principles of arrangement. Even had there been no announcement of a complementary publication, the character of the work was such as to excite the expectation of scholars. For two years Mr. Cope continued to labour actively at his congenial task, but his health then broke down completely; and for the last four lingering years of his life he was unable to do anything towards the redemption of his promise. Another year glided past before decisive action was taken for the publication of his work, when at last the responsible and onerous duties of editorship were fortunately accepted by Mr. J. E. Sandys.

The text of the "Rhetoric" and Mr. Cope's commentary are now presented in three handsome volumes, one volume for each book. The Greek text runs along the top of the page, over the commentary, in a narrow intermittent streak, often dwindling to a line or two, and sometimes disappearing altogether. Mr. Cope has been content to follow the text of Bekker, without attempting a complete recension of his own; he satisfies an occasional scruple of judgment by recording in the notes a mild doubt or a reasoned dissent. His deliberate opinion on this point involved a regrettable misjudgment of his duty to the work he had undertaken. His intimate friend, Professor Munro, who has written an appreciative biographical notice prefixed to the present volumes, notices and explains the defects. "He was by nature," says Mr. Munro, "very mistrustful of his own powers, and consequently a great stickler for authority. He seemed to think there was something sacred in the printed text as it presented itself to him, and was sometimes determined to explain the inexplicable and see a meaning in that which had none." In accordance with this, Mr. Sandys writes:—"Holding as he did that an editor's main duty was explanation in its widest sense, and accordingly devoting himself mainly to questions of exegesis, to elucidation of subject matter, to illustration of verbal expression, and to matters of grammatical and lexicographical interest, he was content on the whole to accept the text as he found it in the earlier editions with which he was familiar." The grains of error in this view Mr. Cope tried to hide from himself by a large sprinkling of truth. Still they are not hidden from dispassionate onlookers, who cannot but regard it as unfortunate that Mr. Cope should have accepted the basis of his work with such easy equanimity. It matters little in how few passages the reading of the text becomes a question of serious moment; for when a man devotes the best energies of his life to the illustration of an important treatise, and yet neglects to base his work upon a searching examination of the text, the reader can hardly repress a cumulative feeling of insecurity and unsatisfied expectation. For a thorough recension of the text we should have willingly foregone a good many pages of commentary.

It is into the Commentary, then, that Mr. Cope has thrown all his strength. Nor do we require to read far in order to realise our anticipations with regard to his scholarship and diligence. Mr. Cope was familiar with

Aristotle and with Greek; that we knew in a general way before; but in these volumes the proof is most convincingly present throughout the handling of the matter and the manner of his author. He was familiar also with the best Aristotelian scholarship of the Continent, and he has liberally shared this advantage with his readers. Besides, Mr. Cope had closely studied the better known of the ancient and modern writers that have devoted attention to the technical side of the subject; and in going to the root of the matter he has drawn illustration from the most advanced philosophical analysis of mental states. His patient and accurate scholarship has enabled him to correct and to supplement the best of the grammarians and lexicographers. At one time he notes the inaccuracy or the inadequacy of Jelf or Matthiæ; as in the explanation of the familiar Aristotelian form of expression exemplified by εἰρήσθω, "so much for ——," (I. xi. 29), which conveys in a special way what Mr. Cope, with characteristic exhaustiveness, calls the notion of a "completed, perfected, concluded, fixed and permanent, and sufficient action." In each volume, especially in the first, he has given a large number of notes that would form a substantial addition to the most complete lexicons. And in III. iv. 3, he warns us that Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary has rolled two men into one. Nowhere have we observed any trace of hurry or impatience to have done with the work. Such an amount of honest and fruitful labour deserves the fullest recognition and the heartiest welcome.

But while acknowledging unreservedly the thorough character of the Commentary as judged from the author's point of view, we anticipate some deductions from its value when considered from the point of view of readers, whose situation is different. Mr. Cope's peculiar habits of mind and special external circumstances had combined to isolate him to some extent from sympathy with students and the public. These, in fact, he often appears to forget, looking upon his work as an exercise almost purely personal. Mr. Munro throws light on this characteristic also:—"In his efforts to be thorough, he would collect a great mass of materials, which he did not always take sufficient pains to mould into shape and symmetry. Indeed, he often avowed to me that, when he had once put on paper his thoughts and collections on any question—and this he was in the habit of doing with very great rapidity—he found it quite impossible to rearrange and rewrite what he had prepared. Hence no doubt there was often a great diffuseness, and some want of clearness in his work—defects with which I have most frequently heard him charged by his auditors." We will not put the charge more strongly than Mr. Munro does; but symptoms of this incapacity, or perhaps we should rather say impatience of mental exertion, are abundant on every page. Mr. Sandys acknowledges that his editorial duties have been rendered unexpectedly laborious by it:—"I have found it requisite to consult the reader's convenience by rearranging many of the paragraphs, by recasting many of the more complicated sentences, and by endeavouring to prevent the sense from being obscured by the partiality for parenthesis, which, in this case, happens to be characteristic of the commentator and his author alike." And after all that Mr. Sandys has felt himself at liberty to do, the need of further condensation and retrenchment is obvious everywhere. The mere rejection of unnecessary tautologies, and the straightforward restatement of facts, without superabundance of illustration, might reduce the Commentary at least by a good third. A further reduction might safely be made in the substance of it. One of Mr. Cope's habits was to find out things for himself. Now we will not dispute whether this was a good mental gymnastic for Mr. Cope; for his readers it will be simply a trial of their patience. These morbid turns of independence seem to have been taken by Mr. Cope especially in his later years. Mr. Sandys tells us how he kept Spengel's able edition carefully shut beside him, consulting it only at rare intervals. Mr. Cope himself now and then confesses that he has found himself anticipated by other scholars (II. ix. 1, &c.). Were it not for our knowledge of the author's redundant style and independent discoveries, we should have been somewhat taken aback by such notes as that upon the "primary, literal, and physical" sense of ἐπί (I. i. 7), and another, a page earlier, on κἂν εἰ and similar expressions. In the last-mentioned case the general explanation is given quite clearly, but Mr. Cope gratuitously persists in offering the grammarians the rare opportunity of retorting upon him. To pass over other points, the explanatory translation of the example ὅσων ὥσπερ ἂν εἰ λάλος ἡ φύσις, "whose natural habit is, as it might be (ἄν), talkative," might suggest unconquerable doubt as to whether Mr. Cope had got to the heart of the mysterious ὥσπερ ἂν εἰ after all. He should not have entered the province of the grammarian unless he had brought with him something that is really new and true. In the same way he supplements the lexicons, and much of what he produces we should not willingly lose, but many of the discussions (I. i. 7; II. ix. 11; &c.) might have been relegated to appendices, or deposited in classical journals till they should be absorbed into the lexicons. Mr. Cope's unfortunate shrinking from the thorough sifting and arranging of his materials may have been to some extent natural, but at all events, we should think, it was fostered and confirmed by the cruel kindness of an easy college life. Had he not enjoyed securely the godlike carelessness of mankind, he might have presented his work to the public in a compact, business-like form, pruned of some of the characteristics of classical dilettanteism.

Mr. Sandys has performed his arduous duties with marked ability and admirable tact, so that it may fairly be doubted whether the Commentary really suffers from want of the author's own editorial care. He has everywhere tried, with reverent fidelity, to do as Mr. Cope would have done, had he not been prevented by untimely fate. Besides the revision of Mr. Cope's material already referred to in his own words, Mr. Sandys has thrown in many useful notes; none more useful than those that bring the Commentary up to the latest scholarship by reference to important works that have appeared since Mr. Cope's illness put a period to his labours. When the original Commentary stops abruptly three chapters before the end of the third book, Mr. Sandys carefully supplies the deficiency, following Mr. Cope's general plan and the slightest available indications of his intended treatment. In Appendices he has reprinted from classical journals several articles of Mr. Cope's; and, what is better, he has given the best of the late Mr. Shilleto's 'Adversaria.' In every part of his work—revising, supplementing, and completing—he has done exceedingly well.

The most exacting friendship could not require more to be done for the publication of Mr. Cope's labours in the form that Mr. Cope himself would have sent them forth in. This duty discharged, there remains a further duty to all earnest students of the "Rhetoric," and even to Mr. Cope himself. Nearly all readers, we apprehend, would prefer to part with redundant expression and irrelevant matter, while they would gladly be relieved of constant and troublesome reference to the Introduction, especially where that is now superseded. Why should Introduction and Commentary not be fused together under the text into one book, whose single object should be neither more nor less than the illustration of the "Rhetoric?" Not till this be accomplished can we admit that full justice has been done to all the parties concerned. At the same time, in spite of defects, we heartily acknowledge that these volumes are a great addition to the examples of classical scholarship in England, and that they are worthy of the intended dedication to the learned and accomplished editor of 'Lucretius.'

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

Philip Van Artevelde. By Sir Henry Taylor. Author's Edition. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.

It is more than forty years since "Philip Van Artevelde" first appeared, and it still holds the position

which it then at once assumed. It never was a popular poem, nor is its author ever likely to strike the popular taste; it appealed to the cultivated alone, and by those to whom it appealed, it was warmly—enthusiastically—received. It does not take rank among poems of the very highest order of genius; it is a little too cold for such a success, but with any that have appeared in the present century short of the highest it must certainly obtain a place. The admirable development of the character of the chief figure, from the moment when he abandons an easy, if comparatively obscure, life for the sake of his suffering countrymen, to his fall, hastened by the faults so often born with sudden power, at once establishes this play as not only a strong and thoughtful work, but as work essentially original. During the forty-three years that have gone by since "Philip Van Artevelde" first appeared, we have had much powerful and thoughtful work, and have seen more than one poet grow into a just and enduring fame, but this play still retains its impressiveness as freshly as if it were only written yesterday; it followed no school, and it created none. The instantaneous praise it received when it first came out has been repeated at intervals ever since. Much of the reason of this enduring success—a *succès d'estime*, in some measure perhaps, but among the highest of the kind, and none the less conspicuous because a little in the background—is due to the possession by the poet, not indeed of all or even of most good qualities, but of essentially individual merits. Wanting many of the gifts which have made some half-a-dozen poets of to-day famous, he still possesses powers which they lack. Foremost among these is his admirable clearness of style and a strength of language which, if it occasionally becomes a little rugged, never loses itself in obscurity, nor, while expressing itself in dramatic form, in feebleness and uncertainty. Besides these he has the power of conceiving certain characters, within limits, for his range is not wide, to a very remarkable degree, and this power is nowhere so markedly evident or executed in so consummate a manner as in this his chief work.

"Philip Van Artevelde" appeared at an important epoch in modern English literature. The great race, known as the Lake school, was passing away with all connected with it, and the leaders of the new schools had only just made an appearance. In the very year when Sir Henry Taylor's poem appeared, "every mortal power of Coleridge was frozen at its marvellous source," and the next year saw the appearance, among the latest of Wordsworth's poems, of the exquisite lament in which he enshrined so worthily all his peers passed away, from "the rapt one with the godlike forehead, the heaven-eyed creature," to "Lamb, the frolic and the gentle." The same year, too, saw the great book-maker, William Godwin, make one of his last books, and witnessed the appearance of the "Revolutionary Epic," which assumes such an ironical significance among the works of Lord Beaconsfield.

There are not a great many historical parallels to the career of Philip Van Artevelde, and the few that do exist are, on the whole, more vivid in interest. Masaniello sweeping Naples clean of its tyrants, and dying by "a dubious hand" in a revolt against his mad authority, Rienzi beginning and ending his career as last Roman Tribune by the basalt lions who lie at the foot of the Capitol, Robespierre coming to a miserable conclusion in the Sanhedrim of Insurrection—all would seem to offer more distinct attractions to the dramatist or the romance writer than the career of the son of the brewer of Ghent. But at the same time, the more sober, less melodramatic career was better suited to the calm and stately intelligence of Sir Henry Taylor. Neither in his rise nor in his fall was the career of Philip so theatrical as in any of the other cases we have given. The rise is less surprising and less startlingly in contrast to a previous way of life, while the fall is less abrupt and less sensational; the dignity of a melancholy history is nowhere disturbed.

For such a play as Sir Henry Taylor had conceived—a historical poem put into dramatic form—the theme was most happily chosen. There is no more stirring a series of dramatic incidents in so small a compass than the various events attendant on the rise and fall of the two Artevelde. In adopting the fortunes of the second Artevelde, too, the choice was good, for the times were even more teeming with historical interest then than in the previous generation, while the memory of the life and death of Jacob Artevelde serves to hang over the drama like the shadow of a forecast fate, grimly presaging the end of another truster in the strength of a popular rising. When Philip breaks through all custom and slays the heralds, this act of treachery is sanctioned by the fact that the men he has slain were those who caused his father's death.

The story of Philip Van Artevelde's triumph in May, 1382, and of his defeat and death some six months later, is sufficiently familiar. The episode of love, necessary to a poetic drama, is given in the first part by the introduction of Adriana Van Merestyn, between whom and Philip there is a good deal of somewhat stately and philosophic love-making, the gravity of which is relieved by the lighter loves of Philip's sister Clara and Sir Walter d'Arlon, the gallant knight of Bruges. In the second part of the drama neither of these women appear—Adriana, indeed, is dead—but in their stead we have Philip's less fortunate love for Elena della Torre, the fugitive mistress of a French duke, whose narrative is related in a lyrical poem connecting the two dramas, called "The Lay of Elena." This woman, the handling of whose character is one of the finest examples of Sir Henry Taylor's skill, may be taken as typical of the change in Artevelde's nature. He is not now what he was when first he assumed leadership of the wild White Hoods, and bade Van den Bosch smite down the traitors who came, heralds from the Earl, to demand 300 citizens. There has come upon him that alteration that belongs so often to the altered fortunes of the demagogue, but at least he is more fortunate than Masaniello, or Rienzi, or Robespierre, for he dies fighting for the cause he made, and among his latest words is a cry of pain for his lost comrades, in the Brutus-like exclamation, that—

> Never did that Prince or Leader live,
> Who had more loyal and more loving friends.

The essential spirit of Sir Henry Taylor's poetry is dramatic, and he has but followed the natural bent of his genius by casting almost all his poems in this mould. But this form has been adopted only for simplicity of narrative, not with any idea of stage representation, for which the greater part, if not all, of Sir Henry Taylor's dramatic poems would be wholly unsuited. Even "St. Clement's Eve," which is much shorter than "Philip Van Artevelde," does not suggest itself as a suitable stage-play; it is a wonderfully-told story, in which, for the convenience of the teller, the personages of the tale are made to impress themselves individually instead of from the bird's-eye point of view of an outside chronicler. By choosing this form of expression, too, Sir Henry Taylor avoids the necessity for connecting the various portions of history by means of descriptive narrative, a kind of work for which his turn of mind is very little suited. The "Lay of Elena," which connects the two parts of "Philip Van Artevelde," is an example of this want of power in direct narrative. It comes almost like a surprise upon the reader who has just concluded the first part of "Philip Van Artevelde;" its complete coldness, its want of strength, not in expression, but in the power of rousing emotion, are strikingly in contrast with the strength and power and beauty of the play just left behind. Take, for example, this passage from the "Lay of Elena," which tells of the course of her love.

> How fared that love? The tale is old,
> So common, needs it to be told?
> Bellagio's woods, ye saw it through
> From first accost to last adieu.
> Its changes. Seasons, you can tell—
> At least, you typify them well.
> First came the genial, hopeful Spring,
> With bursting buds and birds that sing,
> And fast though fitful progress made
> To brighter suns and broader shade.
> Those brighter suns, that broader shade,
> They came, and richly then arrayed

Was bough and sward, and all below
Gladden'd by summer's equal glow.
What next? A change is slowly seen,
And deepeneth day by day,
The darker, sobərer, sadder green
Prevenient to decay.
Yet still at times through that green gloom,
As sudden gusts might make them room,
And lift the spray so light,
The berries of the mountain-ash,
Arching the torrent's foam and flash,
Waved gladly into sight.
But rare those short-lived gleamings grew,
And wore the woods a sicklier hue;
Destruction now his phalanx forms
'Mid wailing winds and gathering storms;
And last comes Winter's withering breath,
Keen as desertion, cold—cold as the hand of Death.

This is all cold and unemotional; the restraints of rhyme and narrative oppress the poet; he has lost his way in an alien country, and it is not until the curtain rises upon the second part of the play that he is again master of his art. There is a settled sorrow over this second part with its sad picture of the decline of a noble nature. Philip is no longer what he was; still a great leader, the man has suffered, and the change is treated in a manner most admirable. Philip is like a man walking to death, the end is certain and obvious, and his love for Elena, and the miserable treachery to which he finally succumbs, but which he is unable to see, are but the symbols of his changed state. The Philip of the first part is gone altogether, the Philip who loved Adriana and the Philip who saw through the falseness of the Lord of Occo have passed away, and in their place we have the lover of Bourbon's mistress and the believer in the faith of Sir Fleureant of Heurlée. The genius of Sir Henry Taylor has never shone out so strongly as in the treatment of this growth of character; it is this complete possession of Philip, this absolute understanding of such a man under the varying events of his fate, that makes "Philip Van Artevelde" the first of Sir Henry Taylor's works, and one of the finest poems of the generation. We have chosen for quotation the last parting between Philip and Elena, in which the noble nature of the man and the passionate love of the woman are strongly shown.

Artevelde. This is a phantom fight.
The ghosts of them that are to fall to-morrow,
(Rather to-day, for day begins to break)
Rehearse their parts. Van Ryk, we'll sleep no more;
My trumpet has been sounded, and by this
The host is half in arms. We'll sleep no more
Till we have tried our fortune. Bid Vauclure
And Ukenhein, and Roosdyk, when they're arm'd,
Meet me below, beside the willow-grove,
Bid silence to be kept through all the host.
What think'st thou of the day? Will it be bright?
Van Ryk. A mist is spreading from the river up:
I think, my lord, it shall not clear away
Till sunrise, or it may be not till noon.
Artevelde. That is all well. Send me the captains thither.
[*Exit* Van Ryk.
I go, my fairest! Should I not return,
There's nothing here that I should leave with pain,
My beautiful Elena, save thyself.
What strange forgetfulness appears it now,
So many misspent moments to have given
To anything but love! They're gone for ever,
With all their wasted Sunshine! Now is left
One moment but to spare, one word to speak:
Farewell, my best beloved!
Elena. Farewell, my lord.
Artevelde. And if we meet no more, a heart thou hast,
Though heretofore misled, and, like mine own,
Bedarken'd in the gloom of devious ways,
Yet surely destined from the first by Heaven
To issue into light. My shade removed,
The radiance of redeeming love shall shine
Upon thine after-life, and point the path
Through penitence to peace. Pray for me then,
And thou shalt then be heard.
Elena. Farewell, my lord.
Artevelde. And is it thus we part. Enough, enough;
Full hearts, few words. But there is yet another
I would not leave unsaid. If time be short
To seek for pardon of my sins from Heaven,
To thee and for my sins against thyself
I shall not in the shortest sue in vain.
For reparation of one fatal fault,
I would that I might be preserved to-day;
If not, I know that I shall fall forgiven.
Elena. Try me no further, Artevelde; go, go;
If I should speak to thee one word of love,
I should not hold myself on this side reason.
Go, whilst I have my senses, Artevelde;
Or stay and hear the passion of my heart
Break out—and not in words; if throes and shrieks
Thou would'st be fain to witness, stay; if not,
Content thee with one bitter word, Adieu!
Artevelde. Dearest, be brave; no fate forbids us yet
To trust that we shall meet again. Take heart,
And with a God-speed send me on my way.
Oh! look the Knight of Heurlée hither hastes
To chide my lingering.
Elena. He! he! I hate him.
Why is he with thee wheresoe'er thou goest?
It sends a very horror to my heart
To see his fiendish face! Why is it he
That comes to bring thee?
Artevelde. What imports it? Nay,
Elena, love, what ails thee? What is this?
She hears me not—What ho! Cecile!
[*Enter* Cecile.
There, take her.
Cecile. She will be better soon, my lord.
Artevelde. Say worse.
'Tis better for her to be thus bereft.
Go, take her in; nay, stop; one kiss—the last—
One kiss—and not return'd—and not return'd—
And on a brow so cold! but colder still
Perchance may mine be when thy passionate lips
Shall press it once again. Unhappy girl!
The curse of beauty was upon thy birth,
Nor love bestowed a blessing. Fare thee well!

The next time that Elena and Artevelde are brought together is when she leans over his dead body, listening to the words of the French lords, and dies herself, after slaying Sir Fleureant.

One great charm of Sir Henry Taylor's poems lies in the way in which they seem to present their time and their people to the reader. In "St. Clement's Eve" we seem to be at once cast amongst the people and court of the mad King Charles, and our sympathy for the poet's Orleans, and our hatred to the poet's Burgundy, are as keenly aroused as if we were of that time and its factions. This, too, is the case with the long chronicle poem of Artevelde's career, where the life-like reality given to all the characters presents the little cosmos of the Flemish town in a manner whose inspiration must be sought, not among the writers of to-day, but among the Elizabethan dramatists. Where, however, Sir Henry Taylor differs from the best of these is in the limitation of his field; his list of characters is but narrow, and the humour of the lower classes, which would have afforded so many opportunities to his predecessors, and which is certainly wanting to complete the picture of mediæval Flemish life, is untouched by him.

In the preface to the poem the author brings certain accusations against the influence of the romantic poetry which had just preceded him. Apart from the difficulty of appreciating the judgment of a poet upon the works of others running in channels wholly foreign to his own genius, the fears expressed in it have little need of expression to-day, and neither the soundness of the criticism, nor the correctness of the generalities, calls for discussion now.

ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHWOMEN.

Illustrious Irishwomen. By E. Owens Blackburne. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1877.

Let us for one moment imagine—we confess, the picture has its terrors—the heroines of the present memoirs suddenly and simultaneously stepping forth from their present silent dwelling-place, and, regardless of gaps of time and space, brought together in one social gathering. What chattering there would be, what laughter; above all, what quarrelling! But no one could fail to perceive that it was, after all, a family party—Grainne O'Mailly, sea-queen and pirate, sister to Margaret Woffington, the popular actress of two centuries later; sister also to Sydney, Lady Morgan, to the distinguished Countess of Blessington—aye, even sister to demure Mrs. Hemans, and didactic Miss Edgeworth, who, under their mantle of decorum, hid never-

theless some of the family eccentricities. Of course Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite of the kindred of Ram, would have a great deal to say about this touch of nature—Irish nature, audacity, independence, wit—making all these delightful women akin. He would observe, with just severity, that it seemed, above all, to reveal itself in a common antipathy to feminine respectability, and a common inclination to go gipsying along the path of life, lighting stray fires with purloined sticks rather than economising the coals and using up the cinders of the domestic hearth. Quite true, from the excellent Elihu's point of view. But let us not be Buzites of the kindred of Ram. For where would be the moral utility of shaking one's head over such a bright, bewitching company of—Ghosts? Their ill-treated husbands, their too numerous lovers, their bills, their practical jokes, their fits of fury, may now be forgiven them. They have passed out from the great school-room (where their offences receive due punishment), and now return only as visitors. We can afford to smile over their past transgressions without endangering present discipline; for does not the rod, which did not spare them in their day, still hang upon the school-room wall?

> She (Grainne O'Mailly) was a great pirate and plunderer from her youth. It is Transcended to us by Tradition that the very Day she was brought to bed of her first Child that a Turkish Corsair attacked her ships, and that they were Getting the Better of her Men. She got up, put the Quilt about her and a string about her neck, took two Blunder-Bushes in her hands, came on Deck, began damning and Capering about. Her monstrous size and odd figure surprised the Turks; their officers gathered together, talking of her; this was what she wanted, stretched both her hands, fired the two Blunder-Bushes at them, and Destroyed the officers.

The above is quoted by Miss Blackburne from a MS. in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. This is the Grainne O'Mailly we have described as typical head and elder sister of this family of 'Illustrious Irishwomen.' The "damning and capering"—aye, and the two "Blunder-Bushes"—would not have been beyond the capabilities of most of them, certainly not beyond those of Margaret Woffington, for instance; although the modest quilt and string round the neck would scarcely have been a satisfactory toilette in her eyes. Margaret, otherwise Peggy Woffington, Garrick's "Lovely Peggy," for whom he "tuned the vocal shell," had a brisk little encounter of her own, where we may be sure the damning and capering were not wanting, though for lack of "Blunder-Bushes" she had only a dagger of lath and her own dear finger-nails with which to do battle. The scene, instead of the deck of a vessel, was the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre; and the enemy no Turkish corsair, but a beauteous sister actress and Irishwoman, George-Anne Bellamy, who had presumed to appear in a new gorgeous Paris dress which out-dazzled the jealous Peggy! But, after all, our sympathies go with Peggy; and we are not at all sorry for the few scratches she may have given her rival, whose meek lamentations over her own naughtiness (she was to the full as naughty as Margaret Woffington, and selfish into the bargain), and assumption of virtuous superiority, kindle our wrath against her. Peggy Woffington, although her manners were certainly deficient in repose, and her moral conduct not at all up to the Buzite standard of excellence, was invariably generous, honest, and healthy-hearted—from the days when, as a little child of ten, she acted Polly Peachum, in the Fownes Street Booth, at Dublin (helping her mother, who sold oranges to the play-goers, to carry home her empty baskets after the performance), to the time when, in the prime of her beauty and her popularity, she was struck down "by the hand of death" in the sight of a frightened audience, whom she had just been delighting with her representation of Rosalind in *As You Like It*. "When she again came off at the quick change of dress, she complained of being ill, but got accoutred and returned to finish the part and pronounce the epilogue speech, 'If it be true that good wine needs no bush, it is as true that a good play needs no epilogue,' &c. But when arrived at, 'If I were among you, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me,' her voice broke, she faltered, endeavoured to go on, but could not proceed; then in a voice of tremor screamed, 'O God! O God,' tottered to the stage-door speechless, where she was caught. The audience of course applauded until she was out of sight; and then sunk into awful looks of astonishment, both young and old, before and behind the curtain, to see one of the most handsome women of the age, a favourite principal actress, who had for several seasons given high entertainment, struck so suddenly by the hand of death, in such a time and place, and in her prime of life."

Poor Peggy Woffington! Of course the virtuous son of Barachel would not fail to moralise over this closing scene, when she took so pathetic and solemn a farewell of a public for whose culture, as well as pleasure, she had conscientiously laboured. But a far more pitiable ending was that of her brilliant rival, George-Anne Bellamy. We have confessed that we have no partiality for George-Anne, with her soft blue eyes and mock righteousness, undisturbed by occasional backslidings and elopements. Margaret Woffington, for instance, would have chosen a more convenient season for eloping than the middle of a play, leaving the actors and audience in the lurch! The humour of the proceeding does not atone for the want of consideration. But selfishness, vanity, and hypocrisy, are all forgotten and forgiven when we come to the once brilliant and adored actress, alighting from the Dublin coach after thirteen years' absence, amidst the dismayed silence of the Trinity College students, who had assembled to welcome the lovely George-Anne Bellamy, of whom they had heard so much. "Fancy a dirty little creature bent nearly double, enfeebled by fatigue, her countenance tinged with jaundice, and in every respect the reverse of a person who could make the least pretensions to beauty. A profound silence reigned; they looked at her pityingly, and dispersed without a word." Here is the account of her reception at the theatre, which Miss Blackburne quotes from Tate Wilkinson's 'Memoirs:'—

> Expectation was so great that the house filled as fast as the people could thrust in, with or without paying. On speaking her first line behind the scene—"Lead me, ye virgins, lead me to that kind voice"—it struck the ears of the audience as harsh and unmusical; yet she was received as was prepared and determined by all who were her or Mr. Mossop's friends, and the public at large, with repeated plaudits on her *entrée*. But the roses were fled; the young, the once lovely, Bellamy was turned haggard, and her eyes that used to charm all hearts appeared sunk, large, hollow, and ghastly. O Time, Time! thy glass should often be consulted; for before the first short scene had elapsed, chagrin and pity sat on every countenance. By the end of the third act, they were all (like Bobadil) planet-struck; the other two acts hobbled through. The curtain dropped, and poor Bellamy never after drew a single house there. She left Dublin without a single friend to regret her loss.

After this, we have her arrested for debt: taking a situation as housekeeper to one of her former lovers, Count Haslang, throwing it up to fall into difficulties again, and dying in a debtor's prison! Surely a much more miserable conclusion to a life of brilliant triumphs than Margaret Woffington's premature exit from the beloved stage, with the plaudits, genuine expressions of admiration and love in her case, of an enthusiastic house ringing in her ears. But if more miserable, so much the more sacred; not a subject for any save silent moralising. Here, even more than in the case of Margaret Woffington, Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite had best hold his peace.

Is it the fault of Miss Blackburne's sympathies, or because of the naughtiness of our own hearts, that we find her actresses so much better company than her literary women? The truth is that, in the case of the latter, though the mantle of Grainne O'Mailly is still hidden away and worn on occasions, the normal costume is far more conventional. But we must make an exception in favour of the two eccentric ladies of Llangollen, who fall romantically in love with each other in their youth, elope together, and form a bower of bliss remote from the world, where they wear beaver hats and starched neck-cloths, and entertain illustrious travellers, until, at the respective ages of ninety and

seventy-six, they forsake the Llangollen cottage for the Llangollen churchyard, the younger of the two friends following close upon the steps of the elder in death, as she had done in life. But, to be brief, there is not one uninteresting or commonplace chapter among Miss Blackburne's life-stories; she has certainly performed her work of "silent patriotism," to use her own expression, most sympathetically and well, and proved beyond dispute what few people, we imagine, have ever questioned—that "Nature has never been niggard of her physical and intellectual gifts to the Irish race."

MINOR NOTICES.

Memorials of Charlotte Williams-Wynn. Edited by her Sister. (Longmans.)—These memorials, which consist entirely of Miss Wynn's letters to various friends, were originally printed for private circulation, but were read with such interest by persons unacquainted with the writer, that they have been given to the general public. For the general public the work should perhaps have been reduced instead of being enlarged, and certainly it ought to have been provided with an index—there should be a law against publishing biographies without indexes—but the letters are sufficiently interesting to afford an hour's pleasant reading. The letters from Paris (pp. 99–167), where Miss Wynn was during the *coup d'état* of December 1851, and for some weeks afterwards, give a very vivid picture of the excitement of the period from the point of view of an Englishwoman who lived through it with no companion but her sister. Miss Wynn seems to have been a very remarkable woman, with a breadth of sympathy which almost amounted to genius, shocking her friends by the catholic incongruities of her library, reading Kant and Hegel, being at one time engrossed in Locke, finding in 'Hyperion' a reflection of her own youthful dreams, living in friendly acquaintanceship with Bunsen, Maurice, Carlyle, and other celebrities. Many shrewd remarks showing a keen appreciation of character, are scattered through her letters. The following, for example, is a good reading of Sir Robert Peel's character, some years before his conversion to Free Trade. "You say in your last letter that you have not much confidence in our present Premier, and I have no doubt you have good grounds for it; but still I think he possesses some good qualities, which peculiarly fit him to lead in the present time. His firmness, or obstinacy, which will cause him to part with half his Cabinet, however influential they may be, rather than give up to them, if he does not think them right; and then his sovereign contempt for that bugbear consistency, which appears to me to be generally the phantom that scares all statesmen more or less from the path they ought to tread." The following comment on Mr. Gladstone is easier to make now than it was in 1841. "They say Mr. Gladstone has been given two offices, in order, if possible, to keep him quiet, and, by giving him too much to do, to prevent him from troubling his head about the Church; but I know it will be in vain, for to a speculative mind like his, theology is a far more inviting and extensive field than any that is offered by the Board of Trade." Miss Wynn's judgment of Dr. Newman, recorded in 1847, is severe, but the passage chosen to support it shows sharp penetration. "The defence he sets up for his former intolerant abuse of Rome is sadly weak, and goes far to prove that he never was a true man, and cared more for his Church than for the truth. He says (page 9):—'I said to myself I am not speaking my own words (with regard to the abuse of Rome). I am but following almost a consensus of the divines of my Church, they have ever used the strongest language against Rome. *I wish to throw myself into their system; while I say what they say, I am safe.*' What a melancholy exhibition of a Churchman. Is this 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good'? The foregoing words seem to me the key to his whole career."

Modern Birmingham and its Institutions. By J. A. Langford. Volume II. (Birmingham: E. C. Osborne. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—Dr. Langford, the energetic and laborious son of an energetic and laborious town, has given us, in the second volume of his useful history of "Modern Birmingham," a chronicle of local events from the year 1851 to the year 1871. Much of it has naturally but little interest for those who do not—unhappily for them, as Dr. Langford may perhaps think—live in that town; but a good deal, especially that relating to the last Reform agitation, the centre of which was at Birmingham, appeals to a wider class of readers. The whole, in fact, may be read with advantage by those who need the lesson how much public spirit and political zeal the life of a provincial town may develop. London is too large and unwieldy to admit of anything like the same amount of it; and the many-sided, more or less cosmopolitan life of every capital, large or small, which is of priceless advantage from an intellectual point of view, does not nevertheless foster that unity of feeling and purpose for which many provincial towns, and particularly Birmingham, are distinguished. A book like Dr. Langford's may be read with profit by that numerous class of persons whose knowledge of their native land is confined to London society and country houses, and not merely, as he is modestly content to hope, by his fellow-townsmen. The work is a model of faithful, accurate, conscientious labour.

THE MAGAZINES.

Mr. Gladstone was taunted with shirking the discussion of the County Franchise in one of his talks with excursionists at Hawarden. He is the last man to rest under such a taunt, and he has found his opportunity in Mr. Lowe's article on the subject in the October *Fortnightly*, to which he replies in the present number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The article would not be Mr. Gladstone's if it did not deal incidentally with a good many topics not strictly included in the question of the County Franchise. The gist of his reply to Mr. Lowe on that question is found in the following sentences:—"It will not suffice to threaten, as Mr. Lowe threatens us, with a tumble down the precipice, towards which he says we are rapidly gliding, and at the foot of which we shall be smashed to atoms. The argument has lost its force by its repetition, like the promises of Turkish reform. We have the advantage of experience. We have fallen down these precipices, and know what it is. We fell down a precipice in 1832, a much higher precipice than any now before us, and were greatly the better for it. We fell down another precipice in 1867, and we are, to say the least, none the worse. Leaps in the dark I do not recommend; but I contend that there is light enough. The middle class were admitted, because they were loyal to our institutions, sober and thoughtful in disposition, having access to political information, reasonably capable of forming a judgment on public affairs, well disposed to defer to the opinion and advice of those who might be more capable still. In 1867 we determined, and in that year and 1869 we gave full effect to the determination, that the householders in towns were so far possessed of these qualities in the aggregate, that they likewise ought to possess the franchise. And now the question is raised whether it ought not, on like grounds, to be given to householders in the counties. There is not one of them who, if he moved into a town and dwelt in the meanest hovel there, would not have what we want to give him. *Primâ facie* they have had a plea, at least since the Act of 1867. To get rid of this plea, we must put forth something in bar of it. Some answer or other must be lodged." Mr. Gladstone then proceeds to ask what form the demurrer shall take. It may be said that the county householders are individually less qualified to exercise the suffrage than town householders. Or it may be said that they are less qualified collectively—that there is an essential and constitutional difference between county constituencies and town constituencies. Or it may be said that we have made a false step by admitting the

towns, and, though that is irretrievable, we should not make matters worse by admitting the counties. Or it may be said that, if the counties are admitted, we should have to face the difficulty of redistributing electoral districts, and that any new arrangement must add to the already enormous cost of elections. Each of these difficulties Mr. Gladstone discusses in detail with his usual thoroughness, but he has little to add to the conclusiveness of the arguments which have so often been advanced on the subject. His statement of the cardinal principle of representative government, against Mr. Lowe's plausible contention that the *personnel* of the House of Commons tends to deteriorate under an extended suffrage, is a model of clearness:—

> With respect to intellectual not moral competency generally, I admit that it is leisure, training, and culture, which give not only the broadest and firmest, but the most elastic capacity for the treatment of public questions. Were we beings of pure intellect, or were the operations of the understanding unaffected by interest and "partial affection," the argument would be very strong for something like the Russian government: for giving a monopoly of political power to the most highly educated persons. And I own it appears to me that this is the legitimate upshot of many of the arguments used in 1866, and again at this time, against the enlargement of the suffrage. The answer is, that no single portion of the community is fit to be trusted with absolute power; and that those portions of it, which have less of leisure, of intellectual training, and of general capacity for affairs, may notwithstanding make up for the deficiency by a disposition practically to admit its existence, and to lean, freely and confidingly, on the judgments of those who have superior opportunities, and have also, or are supposed to have, superior fitness. Independence, of which I have yet to speak, and which is justly reckoned among the valuable qualifications of an elector, is the counterpoise to this (so to call it) adjective tendency; but the two are not, except in their abuse, contradictory one to the other.

Professor Bain's article in the *Contemporary Review*, on the Civil Service Examination Scheme, to which we refer elsewhere, comes very opportunely. It is occupied chiefly with two points, the position of Science in the Examination and the position of Language. When the paper was written, apparently Lord Salisbury's new scheme had not been published, so that this is a criticism of the old scheme. What Professor Bain has to say about the relations of the sciences, and the supreme indifference which the Civil Service Commissioners showed to their relations in their grouping of them in the list, and the marks they assigned to each, rather bears out Lord Salisbury in the prominence he gives to Chemistry as a fundamental or mother science, though it hardly justifies him in excluding the derivative and classificatory sciences from the competition altogether. It is on the subject of languages, however, that Professor Bain departs startlingly from received views. Lord Salisbury has excluded Literature and History altogether from the list of subjects; Professor Bain, on the other hand, thinks that the only really valuable part of the examination for civil servants is the historical side, with its "searching questions on important institutions and events, together with what may be called their philosophy." He proposes that languages should be excluded from the competition, and he turns the tables very neatly on those who hold that a knowledge of the original language is necessary to an understanding of any period of history. If this is so, he contends, then candidates acquainted with the languages would have such a prodigious advantage over candidates who were not, that everybody would be obliged to learn the languages. The experiment should be tried, he urges, of giving an examination in history, and he adds literature, without requiring a knowledge of the languages. The candidates would answer at their own risk; it would be for the examiners to say how far their answers were satisfactory. Professor Bain's article is so condensed and "concentrated" that it is impossible to give an abstract of all its arguments. It is worth studying by all concerned in the higher competitions.

The publication of Mr. Nassau Senior's conversations with M. Thiers is continued in the *Fortnightly Review*. The conversations were held while M. Thiers was in England after the *coup d'état*, and the present instalment deals almost entirely with the last days of the reign of Louis Philippe and the flight from the Tuileries, of which M. Thiers seems to have given a very minute account. Mr. Senior has preserved very well the dramatic liveliness of the narrator; the report reads almost as if M. Thiers' talk had been taken down in shorthand as the words fell from him. The following is a characteristic answer to a question put by Mr. Senior, whether his relations as a Minister with the Citizen King were agreeable:—

> "I cannot say," answered Thiers, "that we were in all respects well suited, and yet we liked one another. I enjoyed his *finesse*, his knowledge, his sagacity, and the charm of his manner. He liked my frankness, and, perhaps, did not dislike my petulance. With me he was thoroughly at ease, not so with Guizot. But the King and I were each of us too fond of having his own way to tolerate long the relation of King and Minister. He wanted to see all my dispatches. I let him look at the long and formal ones, on the condition that he would not attempt to alter them; but the shorter ones, the confidential notes, written while the courier was standing by in his boots, I would not show to him. There was not time; I had to give the last *mot*. It would not have done to waste an hour or two in sending these to the Tuileries."

Mr. Senior does not seem to have been the only English friend to whom M. Thiers made biographical revelations. Some three years ago an English lady, Miss Emily Crawford, "asked his assistance in collecting materials for a sketch of his eventful life," and always ready to talk about himself, and particularly anxious to be properly represented to the English public, he at once promised her every assistance in his power. "Call on me," he said, "in the mornings, when I am not so much absorbed by visitors—at six o'clock if you like (!). Bring me a list of questions. Question me without fear of giving offence. I shall answer truthfully, asking nothing of your friendship, but something of your indulgence." Miss Crawford seems to have made an excellent use of her opportunities, for the result is a very lively biographical sketch, quite the best biography of M. Thiers that has yet been published. It settles, at last, the vexed question as to M. Thiers' parentage, and shows that, strange to say, nearly all the statements on that point are more or less correct. The father of M. Thiers was a very versatile person, a sort of Micawber, as Miss Crawford very aptly says. He was a dock-porter, when Thiers came into the world—Miss Crawford's sketch comprehends such minutiæ as an extract from the diary of the *accoucheur*—but this was when he was at the nadir of his fortune. He was of a respectable and literary Marseilles family, and had been educated for the bar, but had led a vagrant and enterprising life, and is described by the Marquis de Fonvielle, who encountered him once at sea, as a "talking encyclopædia," who "knows the entire globe round which he says he has sailed with Captain Marchant," and is "precise in the employment of technical, scientific, and nautical terms, in the description of the countries visited by the captain, in the designation of latitudes, officers, and men, and log-book dates." The Marquis's sketch of the father would have served, indeed, as a description of the son, who at one time, before he had established himself as a political writer and man of action, contemplated also making a voyage round the world. The sketch in *Macmillan's* is full of such interesting personal details, and is very brightly written.

Mr. Alfred Austin's verses in the *Cornhill*, entitled "The Last Redoubt," remind us that we have not yet emerged from the savage state. Here are the opening lines:—

> Kacelyevo's slope still felt
> The cannon's bolts and the rifles' pelt;
> For a last redoubt up the hill remained,
> By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.
>
> Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
> His lips were clinched and his look was weird;
> Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
> Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.
>
> "Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried.
> Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wide,
> And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets lowered,
> And on to the last redoubt they poured.

"Clear *me* the Muscovite out" is good, as also the

"weird" look of Mehemet Ali, and "waving" is a highly picturesque epithet for the fez, but schoolboys generally begin to burn such masterpieces about the age of sixteen. What a glorious thing it is to be ever young!

DRAMA.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE.—"RUSSIA."

The production of *Russia* at the National Theatre, as the Queen's is henceforth to be called, is remarkable, if for nothing else, for this—that it has effectually dispelled the idea that the frequenters of the Gallery are not as much alive to the funny side of melodramatic extravagance as the frequenters of the Stalls. The authors of *Russia*, Messrs. Farnie and Reece, have apparently been trying to kill two birds with one stone. They seem to have introduced here and there into their play melodramatic tit-bits, in the most approved style of the art, with a view to fetching the Pit and Gallery, at the same time that they forced the Stalls and Dress Circle to break into smiles and enjoy the awe-struck hush with which their heroics were received by the less cultivated portions of the audience. This is the most charitable explanation of certain passages in the play. But the scheme miscarried. When the young lady in the Virgin Snow Forest enjoined her companion to sleep, and assured her that "No wolf of the forest shall harm thee while I am near," the "gods" were not silent with admiring sympathy, but broke into prolonged peals of merry laughter. When the villain of the piece was captured, and the avenger of insulted virtue declared for his instant execution, and a light-hearted manly Englishman intervened, and said, "This must not be," demanded trial by jury, and cracked his thumbs to show that this was a matter of course in his country, the response from the upper regions of the theatre was, not a thrill of patriotic pride, but a derisive titter. Even the impressive "Be calm," addressed to an advocate of immediate action, infuriated by the recital of the villain's last wickedness, was hailed with joy as an old acquaintance. Every now and again the dialogue had to be suspended till the Gallery had exhausted their mirth over some remark intended to fill their minds with pity or terror. We do not for a moment suppose that melodrama has lost its charm, but it is quite clear that its commonplaces will no longer do duty.

How far the plot is due to Prince Lubomirski's novel, how far to the French dramatic version played at the Porte St. Martin, and how far to the invention of our dramatists, is a question on which we are not competent to speak, but as it stands it is a sufficiently good framework for an interesting play. There are no violent improbabilities in it, none at least which would appear so to an audience ready to believe anything about the irregularities of despotism in Russia. The most improbable thing in the play is that an officer of the English Guards, moving in Court society at St. Petersburg, should be seized and sent into Siberia without inquiry made or feared; but a large proportion of the average audience are confirmed in their prejudices by such an indignity, and ask themselves no questions as to its being a likely occurrence. To the credit of the audience it must be admitted that, artfully as the dramatists appealed to their prejudices, on the first night at least all demonstrations of political feeling, one way or the other, were promptly suppressed. If the part of the Englishman L'Estrange had not been made so silly and ridiculous by the actor to whom it was entrusted, perhaps the flattery would have told more effectively, for the audience would not have refused to applaud good acting in a character to which they were favourably disposed. Mr. Billington spoiled the effect even of a very clever retort to the Emperor, by turning his back upon his Majesty when he had delivered himself of it, and "huffing," to use a good old word, across the stage. There are not so many strong characters in the piece that the authors can afford to have a really effective one rendered worse than useless. The chief defect in the play is the want of individuality in the characters. Mr. Hermann Vezin succeeds, as he always does, in giving an intense reality to the villain Schelm; but when the Englishman, his rival, who is intended as the chief counter-poise, succeeds only in being ridiculous, the balance of the action is hopelessly lost. To match the diabolical energy and astuteness of Schelm, there is another antagonist, one Muller, a former tool of his, whom he has outwitted and who is burning for revenge. Some of the incidents in this part are well sustained by Mr. Arthur Stirling, a sound melodramatic actor, but there are other passages where he excites laughter in place of respectful interest. Whether this is the fault of the authors, who give him such melodramatic hacks as "Former tool, now your tool no more," and "No, he shall die a hundred deaths in one," or of the terrific play with eyebrow and moustache with which Mr. Stirling accompanies the delivery of these sentences, it is not easy to say. The third prominent antagonist of Schelm, whose hand is against every character and every character's hand against him, is a comic Irish servant, Corporal Flannigan, who is always turning up with marvellous readiness and resource at the right moment. This part is very humorously played by Mr. Sheil Barry. The heroine, undertaken by Miss Carlisle, is rather a colourless and characterless person, whose chief business lies in defying the tyrant Schelm, and threatening to kill herself with a dagger. Want of weight is the only fault of which Miss Carlisle can be accused; she plays with admirably good intention. Miss Henrietta Hodson has unfortunately very little to do as the Countess Lanine, the faithful friend of the heroine.

In spite of all its faults, *Russia* is a very enjoyable entertainment. It would be a mistake to suppose that, because now and then the audience laugh joyously where they ought to shed tears or be thrilled to their very marrow, the play is therefore not worth seeing. Some of these ill-advised passages may have been removed since the first performance; but apart from the dialogue, which seems to us to have been too sweepingly condemned, the scenery and the costumes alone are worth the price of admission.

VARIORUM NOTES.

On Wednesday last, Professor Bell, the inventor of the telephone, read a paper before the Society of Telegraph Engineers on "Researches in Electric Telephony." This paper was most admirably written and delivered, and gave a sort of life-history of the telephone. In the course of it, Professor Bell stated one or two facts which have come under his notice, both in his own experiments and those of others, which will startle most electricians, and which will probably afford much food for thought to those who are trying to discover the nature of electricity. He said that he found that if the primary circuit of an induction coil be interrupted rapidly by a body vibrating fast enough to produce a musical tone, then the secondary circuit emitted a note also; he had heard this note from a friend's thumb, both he and the friend being included in the circuit, and also had heard it from a piece of paper in the secondary circuit. Again, Professor Bell had just had intelligence from America that on one of the lines worked by the telephone, although there were only two telephones in the circuit, *i.e.*, one at each end of the line, nevertheless, night after night, the sounds of singing to a pianoforte accompaniment, followed by the indistinct sounds of someone reciting, had been heard at one end of the line. These two facts taken together are very suggestive. The other curious point is that the size and weight of the iron vibrating diaphragm in the telephone has but little influence on its articulating power. So far is this the case, that when Professor Bell used as a diaphragm a block of wood five inches square and one inch thick, with a plate of sheet-iron glued firmly to one face of the diaphragm, and so arranged it that the wooden side received the vibrations of the voice, the in-

strument spoke as clearly as ever. From these facts he suggests that perhaps molecular vibration in the plate has more to do with the action of this instrument than the vibrations of the plate as a whole.

A Viennese paper has taken the trouble to analyse the bulletins of apocryphal battles published by its contemporaries in that city since the beginning of the present war. The battles fought in the columns of these papers, and in which nothing more precious than ink has been shed—seventy-seven in all—are thus distributed among the Viennese press. In the *Neue Freie Presse*, 13; in the *Presse*, 3; in the *Deutsche Zeitung*, 7; in the *Fremdenblatt*, 1; in the *Neue Wiener Tagblatt*, 19; in the *Extrablatt*, 17; in the *Morgenpost*, 5; in the *Vorstadtzeitung*, 9; in the *Tagespresse*, 2; in the *Wiener Abendpost*, 1. The slain in these combats are distributed as follows: According to the *Neue Freie Presse*, 390,000 Russians; to the *Presse*, 12,000; to the *Deutsche Zeitung*, 176,000 Russians and 5,000 Roumanians; to the *Neue Wiener Tagblatt*, 210,000 Russians; to the *Extrablatt*, 380,000; to the *Morgenpost*, 140,000; to the *Fremdenblatt*, 27,000; to the *Vorstadtzeitung*, 10,000; and to the *Tagespresse*, 4,000. The author of the calculation proceeds with the number of times that the Russians have evacuated the Shipka Pass—eleven according to the *Neue Wiener Tagblatt*—and concludes by expressing the hope that someone will undertake a similar task of revision with regard to the London press, and particularly to the *Daily Telegraph*, which he is envious enough to call an imaginative newspaper.

Mr. John Welsh, the newly-appointed Minister of the United States to St. James's, is a man of the highest standing in his city, Philadelphia. He is a Republican of a somewhat Conservative tinge, and has never been a "politician," in the American sense of the word; in fact, he has been chiefly distinguished in finance rather than in politics. He is a man no longer young, of culture and of character, much liked in his own city, and in every way qualified to do credit to the choice of President Hayes. He is not known on this side of the ocean, but in politics noisy reputations travel fast, and it is perhaps no bad recommendation of him that his name has made so little figure in the programmes of partisanship.

By the death of Mr. Joseph Durham, English art has lost a valued exponent, and the art world of London has lost one of its most valued members. Nobody could have been more genial in private life than Mr. Durham, who, in spite of his long and wearying illness, retained an almost boyish joyousness of manner to the last. Mr. Durham used to tell his friends a pretty story about his youthful ambition to get into the Academy, and about his having sat one night on the steps of the National Gallery, where the Academy then was, wondering whether he should ever see a work of his admitted into the sacred enclosure.

The correspondents of certain American newspapers have cut out two new pieces of work for Earl Rosebery. Not content with marrying him first to the richest heiress in New York, and then to the richest heiress in London, with making him the author of the 'Cheveley Novels,' and with representing him as getting up at five in the morning to read Plato and Hobbes, they now, through a Chicago newspaper, make him out to be engaged on two important works simultaneously—'The Ethics of the Turf,' and 'The Future Relations between British Aristocracy and Democracy.' According to the Chicago chronicler, Lord Rosebery pleads for permission to the peerage to enter the House of Commons.

The German student's song, "Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus," is so great a favourite at the Unive sities between the Baltic and the Alps that learned inquiries into its origin are always sure to attract attention. Hoffmann von Fallersleben, the distinguished *savant* and wandering minstrel of the Liberal cause before 1848, had already applied his deep knowledge of ancient German literature to the subject. Theodor Creitzenach continued Fallersleben's inquiries. A new pamphlet has now just appeared, from the pen of Gustav Schwetschke, which treats of the same question. There are some traditions, not very trustworthy though, to the effect that this boldly Anacreontic lay—in which Teutonic students especially delight when they throw their burning torches together on a heap in the public square—was sung as early as the sixteenth century. The first word of the song occurs, at any rate, as the title of a poem, in Sebastian Brant, the famous satirist of the fifteenth century, who wrote the 'Ship of Fools.' There is an old hymn of the year 1267, which shows some affinity, in general thought and phraseology, with the modern *Gaudeamus*; but, of course, not in the gay style of the latter. A first impression of the song, a mixture of Latin and German verses, with allusions sorely wanting in strictness, dates from 1776. In 1781, a certain Kindleben gave the poem its present shape. He seems to have been, if not exactly a Villon, at any rate no saint; and his end was a miserable one. Being sent away from Dresden on account of his disorderly life, he died in abject poverty. Few hitherto knew this, when they merrily sang their: "Pereat tristitia! Pereant osores! Pereat Diabolus! quivis anti-Burschius atque irrisores!"

Count Moltke celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday last Friday. Congratulations poured upon him from all sides, especially from the Royal family and the general staff.

Ulk has two good cartoons this week. One represents the great chancellor, Prince Bismarck, sitting on the ministerial bench with his arms akimbo, and booted and spurred in the full majesty of his all-pervading bulk and breadth. The rest of the ministers are struggling to keep their places, but at one end Count Eulenburg has just tumbled off, whilst at the other General Stosch just manages to keep on. The second cartoon represents MacMahon as a Jupiter's head, whence issues a tiny Minerva after the manner of Lulu, in the dress and favourite attitude of Napoleon I. Under the picture are the words: "PARTURIUNT (*Mac*) M(*ah*)ONES, NASCETUR BONAPARTISMUS."

The *Pesther Lloyd* publishes information from Fiume, according to which the Russian officer appointed by the Russian Government to superintend the delivery, &c., of Whitehead's torpedoes, had bribed some of the workmen to betray the secret of the manufacture. The *Pesther Lloyd* has been egregiously duped. Mr. Whitehead sold the secret and right of the manufacture some years ago to the Russian Government, as well as to some other governments. The only foundation for the story is that a Russian workman in Messrs. Whitehead's employ stole the drawings of a pump-valve which has nothing at all to do with the torpedo.

It may be a cause of gratification or otherwise to John Bull to know that Brother Jonathan at least knows how to make the Turks pay cash down. Mr. Azarian, of the Providence Pool Company, which furnishes the Turks with arms, always manages to get paid in ringing coin for his wares, and only quite lately received 300,000 Turkish pounds in gold.

Eight Sisters of Mercy and four deaconesses from Dresden arrived lately in Constantinople to attend to the wounded, of whom there are now 15,000 in the hospitals. The authorities do not like to employ them, however, for fear of their being insulted by some of the fanatical Circassians or Bashi-Bazouks, which might lead to diplomatic complications. Princess Reuss, however, has written an autograph letter to the Sultan, asking him to interfere in favour of the Sisters.

The wedding dress of Princess Mercedes, the future Queen of Spain, has already been ordered. There is a curious political feature in it, namely, that it is embroidered with the arms of all the countries which have ever belonged to Spain.

The Berlin *Tageblatt* has perpetrated a bull of which Dublin might be proud. It says, alluding to a catalogue of Moser's comedies containing a *précis* of each, that "even those who know his pieces cannot recognise them in their new form!"

Liszt, who is at present staying at Tivoli, where he is the guest of Prince Hohenlohe, has composed a new symphony as *intermezzi* for *Faust*. The first part is called "Faust," the second "Marguerite," and the third "Mephistopheles."

Professor Mommsen has been, since October 17, in Sardinia at Cagliari, of which the prefect, Commendatore Minghelli-Vaini, received him with all honours, and arranged a banquet to celebrate his visit. The Professor is received everywhere with the utmost *prévenance*.

Paul Bette of Berlin has published a series of photographs, fifty in royal, and thirty-two in imperial, of the drawings by Alfred Rethel after which he executed his great historical paintings in the Imperial Saloon and Municipal Hall at Aix-la-Chapelle. He has also published a series of studies by A. von Werner and 100 plates representing 300 of the choicest works of the Green Room at Dresden.

Preaching last Sunday, the Rev. Newman Hall alluded in a somewhat remarkable way to the death of the Rev. James Parsons, of York, and described him as one of the last of a group of eminent Congregationalist ministers of the old school. This is true, for it is a fact, although not generally known, that Mr. Parsons was an intimate personal friend of the late Rowland Hill, and was even nominated by him as his successor in the pulpit of Surrey Chapel. Mr. Hall might well have referred to the other fact that Congregational theology has undergone a singular change since the day of Parsons.

What has become of the little band of American sharp-shooters who left New York early this spring to take service with the Russians in the present war? They left New York with a certain *éclat*, and it was supposed that the organisation was in some measure due to the latest visit to the United States of the Grand Duke Alexis, who is a favourite in American society. The volunteer band contained many bold riflemen from the Southern States as well as from the North and West, and some had already distinguished themselves in the Civil War.

Captain Burnaby, in a letter to the *Times*, "suggests to Mr. Freshfield that the next time he travels in a foreign country, with the object of obtaining information, it might be as well if he were to learn the language and dispense with an interpreter." This is to be admired in the gallant Captain. It is not often that one traveller will give another the benefit of his experiences, but Captain Burnaby having engaged the mortal "Hosman" "to *improve* his own Turkish by conversation with him," and to interpret for the immortal Radford, does not seem to have got much beyond the ordinary *vade mecum* Turkish, and had to accept the services of an interpreter to interpret his interpretation of Osman's perorations.

Berthold Auerbach has just been paying a visit to Gustav von Moser, the dramatist, at Holykirch, near Görlitz, to concert with him the plot of a new comedy. Auerbach has also three comediettas almost ready, entitled *Too Young*, *The Saving Word*, and *Draw the Bolt*.

The rapid progress chemistry has been making of late years is aptly illustrated by the advance of metasulphenylpropion acid to Parabrommetasulphenylpropion acid, on which, according to the Leipzig Fair Catalogue, Dr. Göring has written a treatise.

The *Pesther Lloyd* reports from Belgrade that Karageorgevitch has received permission from the Czar to follow the course of operations during the war. This is extremely improbable. If true it would be tantamount to a break with Prince Milan.

China is surrounded by a great wall, and in China the pharmacopœia includes some very remarkable drugs, such as dried vipers and other reptiles. Styria and the Tyrol are also surrounded by a great black wall built up with priests of various degrees, the keystone of the structure being Father Beckx, and a very remarkable drug now forms an article of an extensive trade in Styria and the Tyrol. Mummies are the new panacea for all the ills afflicting the sturdy mountaineers. They are pulverised and taken by the bipeds and given to the quadrupeds, and taken and received by both with an equal degree of faith.

Gustave Doré, who is also an accomplished musician, has bought a villa near Paris on the *façade* of which he has had inscribed the notes Do, Mi, Si, La, Do, Re, that is to say, *Domicile à Doré*. This reminds us of Mr. Edwin Long, who has named his house on Marlborough Hill "Longsden."

A shop in Great Russell Street, devoted heretofore to the unimpassioned study of geology, has suddenly developed an unexpected taste for art, and exhibits in its windows a series of somewhat startling pictures by Ernest Griset, entitled "Pre-Historic Sketches." Why exactly "Pre-historic," unless because they resemble nothing whatever in the known history of man, it would be difficult to say, but very curious they certainly are, and with a good deal of merit. In these sketches are to be seen all sorts of strange and fantastic figures—Goths, Vinsigoths, Gauls, Alemanni, Franks, possibly the immediate ancestors of those who sang "Pharamond, Pharamond, we have fought with the sword," and strange Esquimaux-like beings, moving in the strangest scenes, now fording streams in waggons drawn by bullocks, now shooting along icy rivers in canoes, now meeting mammoths in Polar regions, or combating bears in gloomy caverns, and dwelling in tents like Red Indians. The pictures, which are in Griset's usual manner, relying more upon startling effect of colour than accuracy of drawing, resemble more than anything else a series of fantastic dreams born of a wild attempt to penetrate further into the depths of history than records permit.

If London is running a winter opera, she is not to be alone in the field; the country towns seem resolved to press her close. Norwich, famous for its castle and its musical festivals, has converted its skating rink into an opera house, and the inhabitants of the good old town are to be gladdened with the classic strains of Lecocq's *Fille de Madame Angot*. Mr. Nordblom plays his original part of Pitou, and Miss Alice Cook, a good singer and good actress, takes Mlle. Lange. The band is to be presided over by Mr. Isaacson, of Her Majesty's Theatre, so everything seems to promise well for this provincial attempt at winter opera.

The original idea of the voyage round the world, to be undertaken by the "Société des Voyages D'Études Autour du Monde," in June of next year, seems to belong to M. Jules Verne, though his name is not to be found either in the list of directors or on the committee, and though the *société* has multiplied his famous eighty days by four. The scheme is certainly a good one, and six months spent in visiting the different countries of the globe, while drinking in instruction from the lips of no less than three learned professors, may be passed very pleasantly, almost as pleasantly as the "innocents abroad" contrived to be on board the *Quaker City*. But what will Cook say to this formidable rival?

An edition of 1,000 copies of the Portuguese translation of *Hamlet*, by Dom Luis I., has been printed by the National Printing Office. His Majesty is now engaged upon a translation of the *Merchant of Venice*. The only other Portuguese translations of Shakespeare worth mentioning are Castillo's *Midsummer Night's Dream* and Pulhao Patro's selections from *Romeo and Juliet*.

In the advance sheets of the second volume of Baron Fiáth's 'Memoirs,' a strange anecdote is related of an Austrian Prince. Fiáth had some business to transact with him, and asked his adjutant when he could be received. The adjutant replied that the Prince scarcely ever received anybody, and left the transaction of all business to him. This, as General Lamberg explained, was due to an extraordinary circumstance. The Prince had formed the acquaintance of a lady to whom Field-Marshal Prince Windischgrätz was paying his addresses. One evening the prince was in her house, when the Field-Marshal, who had become suspicious, was announced. The Prince fled through several rooms, till he came to the last, in which lay the body of the butler, who had died the day before, and two nurses, appointed to watch the corpse, fast asleep and snoring. The prince hid himself behind the open coffin, where he remained unperceived by the Field-Marshal, who had searched all through the apartments. Here the prince remained for several hours, and ever after could not bear anybody to come near him, as he always seemed to smell the butler's corpse, and a ball-room was as bad for him as a charnel-house.

A correspondent of the *Egyetértés*, writing from Yenikoi, does not express a favourable opinion of the Egyptian troops. He says that when the Egyptian soldier is about to fire he shuts his eyes, turns his head aside, and pulls the trigger. After awhile he says to his neighbour, "I say! has my gun gone off?" "How do I know?" is the reply. "I was just going to ask you the same question." This story is told in reference to the part played by the Egyptian troops in the battle of Verboka, when the Turks lost 1,200 men, whilst the six battalions of Egyptians, who had been placed in reserve, lost only one man wounded. Considering that the reserve was not called into action, that one was one too many.

A Government order has been issued by the Porte, commanding its subjects to furnish 500,000 woollen jackets, and the same number of stockings, "inasmuch as voluntary charity has not produced the results expected." This is almost as bad as the enforced charity at our "bazaars." But then the bazaar is essentially a Turkish institution.

The *Sadá*, an Arabic paper, published in Paris, says that General Khereddin, the Prime Minister of the Bey of Tunis, is at present in Paris. He has been staying some time in Vichy. It is said that he is negotiating with the French Government on the course of action to be taken in Tunis in certain eventualities arising from the relations between Italy and France.

The betrothal of Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Crown Prince of Prussia, with the Prince of Meiningen, and of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, with the hereditary Grand Duke of Oldenburg, will take place early next spring—that of Princess Elizabeth probably on February 27, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Grand Duke's accession to the throne or both on February 18.

Professor Mommsen has arrived at Termini Imerese on his journey to decipher various Roman inscriptions. M. Cefalu, the Bishop, had made all the arrangements for the learned professor to decipher an ancient inscription in the cathedral, and the widow of Barbes Mandralisea has placed at his disposal the books and MS. of her late husband. Professor Mommsen is accompanied on his journey by the Director of the National Museum, Professor Salinas.

It is reported that Prince Amadeus, who, far from entertaining any inclination for a monastic life, is busily managing the vast estates left him by his wife, will accept the presidency of the Italian commission for the French Exhibition. Hitherto the president has been Prince Humbert.

The society for bird protection in Berlin seems to carry its compassion a little too far when it makes a complaint to the Postmaster about the arrangements for the pneumatic post, on the ground that the air-compressing engines draw air through tubes leading from the roof of the post office, and the suction is so great that birds flying over are sometimes drawn in and killed. Even Walter Von der Vogel-weide could scarcely wish the love for birds to be carried to a further extreme than this.

In consequence of the complaints on both sides in the War in the East of the treatment of wounded soldiers and prisoners, it would not be bad for either party to follow out the plan adopted by some Australasian Governor for propitiating his native subjects, which was to distribute companion pictures, the one representing a black man being hanged for killing a white, and the other a white man hanged for killing a black.

At the last meeting of German Philologists, held at Wiesbaden, Professor Genthe gave an interesting lecture on the armour of a Roman legionary, a complete model of which is to be seen in the Romano-Germanic Central Museum at Mainz. All the several parts of the model, with the exception of three, are faithful imitations of articles found at or near Mainz, and in the Roman fortifications at Niederbieber. Only three things could not be found, namely, the soldier's mantle of thin woollen material, called *sagum*; the leather harness or *lorica*; and the white, folded *tunica*. Dr. Genthe pointed out the great difference which exists between this real armour and the sculptured imitations on the triumphal arches and columns at Rome. He thinks that those representations arose from artistic impulses which it was difficult to bring into harmony with realities of a somewhat angular kind, in which the line of beauty was occasionally wanting. On grave-stones, on the contrary, the armour is rendered in strict realistic manner; the soldiers having evidently seen to it that the artist should not do them out of any detail. They, of course, wanted their money's worth in sculpture, irrespective of the line of beauty. The philologists assembled in conclave at Wiesbaden were agreed that the model before them gave an impression of great military serviceability. This opinion may claim to be shared by the military world also, Field-Marshal Moltke having expressed himself before in quite the same sense.

There is to be published, it is said, in a few months, by an eminent Cambridge scholar now resident in New Zealand, a reissue, with notes and biography, of the works of Dr. Samuel Parr.

We hear of a new and important series of books in contemplation by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It is proposed to collect in small volumes of about 200 pages what is most worth knowing as to the life, character, works, and position in literary history of some of the great English writers. Mr. John Morley is to edit the series, and the following contributions have already been promised. 'Spenser,' by the Dean of St. Paul's; 'Bunyan,' by Mr. J. A. Froude; 'Burns,' by Principal Shairp; 'Milton, by Mr. Mark Pattison; 'Scott,' by Mr. R. H. Hutton; 'Wordsworth,' by Mr. Goldwin Smith; 'Johnson,' by Mr. Leslie Stephen; 'Shelley,' by Mr. J. A. Symonds; 'Gibbon,' by Mr. J. Cotter Morison; and 'Swift,' by the Editor.

In 1874 three prizes were offered by the Russian Government for the three best books on the History of Cavalry. The competition was thrown open to the officers in all foreign services. We learn that the first prize of 5,000 roubles has just been awarded to Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, commanding the Governor-General's Body Guard in Canada. The essay which he sent in was, it may be remembered, published a few months ago by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

A new popular work on Science, edited by Dr. Robert Brown, assisted by a staff of eminent writers, will shortly be published, in serial form, by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, under the title of 'Science for All.'

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